LE BEAU MONDE,

OR,

LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1807.

NON PRÆTER SOLITUM LEVES.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. Portrait of His Royal Highness the Duke of York.
2. Beautifully coloured Evening Dresses for Ladies and Gentlemen.
3. An elegant Piece of Parisian Furniture, Madame Recamier's Bed.

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Printed and published for J. B. BELL, and Co. No. 11, Catherine-Street, Strand.

TO THE PUBLIC, OUR READERS, AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The unexampled favour and popularity, which have hitherto attended this Work, demand, in return, the warmest acknowledgements on the part of the Proprietors and Editors. If public approbation be a just criterion of merit, the Conductors of this Magazine have ample reason to be satisfied with the success that has attended their efforts. And they cannot deny themselves, in this place, the gratification of returning thanks to their numerous unknown Correspondents, who, in the most polite and flattering terms, have kindly expressed their approbation of their labours. Commendations so liberally bestowed naturally inspire them with an eager anxiety still to improve the advantageous opinion that has been formed of them; and they can truly assure their readers, that far from permitting past success to relax their endeavours, it will serve greatly to stimulate their future exertions. Each succeeding number will be a proof of this; the novelty and originality of their plan will become monthly more apparent; and when the numbers shall be sufficient to embody in a volume, they confidently presume that it will be found to contain a greater mass of valuable and elegant information, of curious and solid literature, together with embellishments of a more beautiful and superb description, than any publication of a similar nature that has ever appeared in this or any other country.

To those Correspondents who have obliged them with original communications, they have to offer their warmest acknowledgements; at the same time they must entreat their indulgence, and not attribute it to disrespect or neglect, if their literary favours should happen, at any time, as in the present instance, to be postponed. They likewise request their Correspondents to notice, that all articles intended for insertion in the Beau Monde *of the current month, must be sent to the Office of the Magazine,*

No. 11, CATHERINE-STREET, STRAND,

previous to the 15th of each month, in order to secure their appearance.

The Proprietors of Le Beau Monde, *or Literary and Fashionable Magazine, flatter themselves that the Portrait of his Royal Highness the* DUKE *of* YORK, *which embellishes this number of their work, cannot fail to give general satisfaction, being esteemed the most striking likeness of his Royal Highness that was ever taken, and a* chef d'œuvre *of the artist, Sir William Beechey, whose Royal Portraits have been so universally admired for their fidelity of representation, and spirited effect. With their engraver's merit, which has been honoured with the highest approbation, the public is already acquainted; the Proprietors have, therefore, little farther to add, than that in the present Portrait he has exerted all his ability to do justice to his subject.*

The other Embellishments of this Number, which consist of beautifully coloured Fashions *for* LADIES *and* GENTLEMEN, *and an elegant piece of Parisian Furniture, are executed in a very superior style of excellence; and by their variety, with other novelties which the plan of this Magazine embraces, must effectually rescue it from that monotony for which other cotemporary publications are so justly condemned.*

The *Acrostic* from Glasgow falls under a description of Poetry, which we cannot admit into *Le Beau Monde*. The same remark applies to our fair correspondent at Brighton, and to the writers who use the signatures *A.* and *E. C.*

La Fleur's story is very well told, but he must excuse us if we consider it of too *sombre* a complexion for insertion in our Magazine.

Philanthropos's communication on the slave trade has been received; we cannot promise the humane and sensible writer to insert it, because it is probable the subject will be very amply discussed in Parliament in the course of next month, in which case we shall give an abstract of the Debates.

L. L. has our thanks for his very flattering commendations: we can assure him we shall not relax in our exertions to merit a continuance of his approbation.

Academicus is obscure and unintelligible; and *Carlo* writes in too coarse a style for Le Beau Monde.

We beg such correspondents as desire an immediate insertion of their pieces, to favour us with them before the middle of the month.

18
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MAY

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK.

Engraved exclusively for Le Beau Monde or Literary & Fashionable Magazines

Published by J. B. Bell & Co. 11 St. Catherine Street, Strand, London, Feb. 1st 1807.

THE

LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE

MAGAZINE,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1807.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

The Fourth Number.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK.

HIS Royal Highness FREDERICK, DUKE of YORK and ALBANY in Great Britain, and Earl of Ulster in Ireland, the second son of their present Majesties, was born August 18, 1763. On the death of the late Bishop of Osnaburg, which happened in 1765, his Majesty, who, as Elector of Hanover, possessed the alternate appointment to that nominal see, conferred the investiture of the bishopric upon his second son, and his Royal Highness was accordingly elected. Some disputes, however, arose respecting the administration of the revenues, during the minority of the Prince, which were claimed by the chapter of the diocese; but, on an appeal to the Diet of the Empire, the right of the infant Bishop to the revenues of his state was allowed, and like those of a private nobleman, they were permitted to accumulate for the benefit of his Royal Highness. Another dispute was settled by compromise, in consequence of which the vote of the minor Bishop, in the diet of the Princes of the Empire, was to remain suspended until his Royal Highness should have arrived at a proper age to take upon himself the government of his state.

The high rank of his Royal Highness must be deemed a sufficient apology for the early honours that were conferred upon him. In 1767, on the death of his great uncle, the illustrious Duke of Cumberland, who for a series of years had been Grand Master and first Knight Companion of the Order of the Bath, the young Prince was appointed to succeed to that dignity, and a dispensation was granted, on account of his youth, to enable him to avoid complying with the statutes of the Order. It was not until the year 1772, that he was regularly installed. During the preceding year the Order of the Garter was conferred on him.

Being destined from his birth for a military life, his Royal Highness received a suitable education, and passing rapidly through the intermediate steps of the service, in 1780 he obtained the rank of Colonel in the army, and soon after had the command of one of the troops of horse grenadier guards conferred on him. The following year he was sent to Germany to finish his education,

and the Electorate of Hanover having been fixed upon as the place of his residence, he embarked on board a British frigate, and after landing at Ostend, proceeded on his journey to the palace of Herenhausen. Colonel Grenville and General Malatier, a German officer, accompanied him on this occasion, and were appointed to superintend that part of his studies which related to military affairs.

During his stay in Germany, his Royal Highness, having attained the age required by law, took possession of his bishopric, and much to his honour abolished the use of torture, which formerly made part of the criminal law of Osnaburg. He also made various excursions to the neighbouring courts, and at once gratified his curiosity, and improved his knowledge. At this period, by far the greatest Prince on the continent, and indeed in Europe, was Frederick of Prussia, whom his contemporaries unanimously dignified with the title of *great*, and whom posterity cannot fail to recognize as one of the ablest generals and most consummate statesmen of his age. The annual reviews of this illustrious veteran, in the neighbourhood of Potsdam, attracted the attention of all military men, and the Prince was desirous to gratify his inclinations by seeing the evolutions of an army, which, under the direction of its royal leader, had achieved so many victories, and earned so many laurels. He accordingly repaired to the Court of Berlin, and was present at these splendid military exhibitions. This visit was productive of a new alliance between the Houses of Brunswick and Brandenburg, for it was upon this occasion that his Royal Highness first saw and admired the Princess Frederica Charlotta Ulrica Catherina, of Prussia, a lady destined to be his consort.

Dr. Zimmerman, in his interesting narrative of the last moments of Frederick the Great, informs us, that in a conversation with the King of Prussia, a little before his death, his Majesty expressed his regard for the English Prince, seemed greatly pleased with his conduct, and intimated a hope that he would become a good general. Zimmerman, in the same work, compliments the royal Bishop upon his being a stranger to the sullen pride of the German Princes; upon his having restored the rights of humanity to his subjects in Osnaburg; and upon a gentleness of manners to which the people there were before entire strangers.

In the year 1784, his Royal Highness being of age according to the English law, and having completed his education, returned home. He was immediately appointed Colonel of the Coldstream regiment of foot guards, and created a Peer of Great Britain and Ireland by the titles we have before enumerated. He now once more set out on his travels, as Duke of York; visited Vienna and various other parts of Europe, where he was received with all the distinguished marks of respect due to his high birth; and on his return to England had a household established, and an annuity of eighteen thousand pounds settled on him by Parliament. Out of the savings of the bishopric of Osnaburg during his minority, the King had purchased a noble mansion and estate for him at Thornville Royal, in Yorkshire, which cost upwards of 100,000l.

Major-general Hotham, who had been of the household of the Prince of Wales, was placed at the head of the Duke's as treasurer and secretary; and Major-general Grenville, who had attended him in Germany, as military tutor, was nominated comptroller and master. The appointment of General Hotham, who had some dispute with the Prince of Wales, is said to have taken place at the express recommendation of a great personage, and it was feared would have occasioned some coolness between the royal brothers; but, on the contrary, their friendship seemed now to be more strongly cemented than before. They made an excursion together to the newly purchased seat in Yorkshire, and visited the principal nobility and gentry of the county, who vied with each other in treating their illustrious guests with splendour and hospitality.

The two favourite vices of the present age, are a love of the pleasures of the table, and a rage for gaming; and happy is the young man of elevated rank, who can escape from the seducive and dangerous in-

fluence. The Duke of York is believed unfortunately to have fallen into the latter of these habits, and, by a run of ill luck, was so deeply engaged in debts of honour, as they are commonly called, that he was compelled to part with his Yorkshire estate, in order to discharge them.

On the alarming illness of the King, in 1788, his Royal Highness supported the claims of the Prince of Wales to the regency, and on this memorable occasion made his first essay in the House of Peers, as a speaker. "He apologised to their Lordships for troubling them, but said he could not remain silent on a topic so interesting to the nation. He wished to avoid every discussion as to the abstract right of his royal brother to the regency. In point of fact no such claim had been made by the Prince; and he felt a full confidence that his brother was too well acquainted with the sacred principles which seated his family on the throne of Great Britain, to assume or exercise any power, which was not derived from the authority of their Lordships, and the will of the nation, conveyed through the medium of their representatives in Parliament assembled. His Royal Highness pressed their Lordships not to proceed to an immediate discussion on the question, and concluded by assuring them, that if his brother were to address them, as a Peer of Parliament, he would confirm the opinion he had this day delivered to them." The House paid due attention to his Royal Highness while he was addressing them; his manner of delivering his opinion was modest, but devoid of embarrassment; and was allowed by those who were witnesses of it, to be at the same time graceful and animated. The happy recovery of the King soon after this period, put an end to this very important discussion, and extricated the nation and the Heir Apparent, together with those branches of his family which supported his claims, from a situation of much delicacy and embarrassment.

Soon after this auspicious event, a private dispute occurred between his Royal Highness and Lieutenant-Colonel Lennox, nephew to the Duke of Richmond, which, as it excited at the time a considerable share of public attention, and was much observed, deserves to be distinctly noticed. The dispute, as we are informed by authority, originated in an observation made by the Duke of York, "that the Colonel had heard words spoken to him at the club at Daubigny's, to which no gentleman ought to have submitted." This being reported to Colonel Lennox, that gentleman asked the Duke, on the parade, what the words alluded to were? His Royal Highness made no answer at that time, but ordered him to his post. When the business of the day was over, his Royal Highness sent for the Colonel to the orderly-room, and intimated before the officers, that he wished to derive no protection either from his rank as a Prince, or his situation as commanding officer; but, on the contrary, was ready, as a private gentleman, to give him satisfaction. Colonel Lennox, upon this, wrote a circular letter to the members of the club, requesting to know if they had ever heard any improper language used to him, and appointed a day for the return of an answer. On the expiration of that term, the Colonel sent a written message to his Royal Highness to the following purport: "That not being able to recollect any words spoken to him to which a gentleman ought not to submit, he had taken the necessary measures to gain information respecting them, but none of the members of the club had given him any such information, and therefore he expected, that, in justice to his character, his Royal Highness would contradict the report as publicly as he had asserted it." The Duke's answer to this requisition not being deemed satisfactory, a message was sent to his Royal Highness, desiring a meeting, which accordingly took place on Wimbledon Common, but was happily unattended with any disastrous consequences. Lord Rawdon, now Earl of Moira, attended the Duke of York, and Lord Winchelsea was second to Colonel Lennox.

The Prince of Wales appearing desirous at this time to avoid entering into the matrimonial state, it was proposed to the Duke of York to espouse the amiable Princess whom he had seen and admired during his visit to Berlin. He readily accepted the

offer, and a convention being signed between the two courts, set off once more for Prussia, and received the fair hand of his present Duchess on the 29th of September, 1791. On the arrival of the Royal pair in London, they were married again at St. James's chapel, agreeably to the rites of the church of England: but no issue has sprung from this marriage.

The time was now rapidly approaching, when his Royal Highness was to bring his theoretical knowledge of the art of war into actual practice; and, upon the breaking out of the late war with the revolutionary government of France, he was appointed a General in the army.

On the commencement of hostilities, early in 1793, one of the first objects of the British cabinet was the defence of Holland, for which purpose a detachment of 1800 guards were sent over to that country with the utmost expedition. The King, Queen, Prince of Wales, Duke of York, and other branches of the Royal Family, attended at their embarkation at Greenwich to animate the men; and the Duke himself followed soon after, to serve under the Prince of Cobourg, as commander of the British and Hanoverian troops. The success of the Prince of Cobourg, in driving Dumourier out of the Netherlands, and the subsequent defection of that General, seemed for a moment to place the newly established Republic of France at the mercy of her enemies; but her army soon rallied, and, under General Dampierre, took up a strong position not far from Famars.

A Congress of the Allied Powers was held at Antwerp early in April, at which the Duke of York and Lord Auckland assisted as the Plenipotentiaries of England, when a plan for prosecuting the war was agreed on. His Royal Highness afterwards repaired to the allied army, then consisting of 100,000 men, of which 30,000 were either British troops, or Hanoverians and Hessians in British pay, and consequently under the command of the Duke.

It would lead us beyond the limits which the nature of this work prescribes to us, to enter at any length into the details of the military transactions connected with his Royal Highness at this period, and therefore we hope we shall stand excused if we offer but a slight sketch of them. The first serious encounter between the British troops and those of the enemy took place on the 8th of May. The French affording reason to expect that they would attack the Austrian and Prussian posts, his Royal Highness marched early in the morning to their support, and arrived at the camp of Maulde with the guards and a battalion of Hanoverians. The Coldstream regiment and flank companies advanced to the abbey of Vicogne, in sufficient time to keep the enemy in check; but pushing forward into a wood, they were exposed to a heavy fire from a masked battery, and suffered severely. They however fell back in good order to the skirts of the wood, and maintained that position during the whole day. These troops were under the command of General, now Lord, Lake, who has since distinguished himself by his gallantry in Ireland and the East Indies, and of whose courage and conduct the Duke of York spoke in high terms.

While the enemy possessed this strong camp at Famars, the siege of Valenciennes was impracticable. To drive them thence was consequently the first object of the campaign. The army was not however in a condition to effect this before the 22d of May. The attack was to be made by several columns; one under General Farreris, was to be directed against the works that had been thrown up on the right bank of the river; another under the Duke of York, was to arrive about day-break at Orchies, throw a bridge over the stream, and turn the right of the enemy: a third, under General Colleredo, was to keep Valenciennes in check; and a fourth, under General Otto, to cover Le Quesnoi.

The Duke of York, on this occasion, commanded a body of sixteen battalions, among which were a brigade of British foot, and six squadrons of light dragoons of the same nation. On his approach to the river, several batteries opened on his corps, but with little effect. His Royal Highness immediately ordered the brigade of guards, two battalions of Austrians, and some light dragoons, to ford the stream so as to take these batteries in flank; and this movement had the desired effect, for the enemy instantly

retreated. The Duke next advanced through a hollow way, to a small distance from the principal works, but observing that they could not be carried that evening without considerable loss, he resolved to defer the attack until the morning. In the night the French retired, part throwing themselves into Valenciennes, and part marching to Denain.

His Royal Highness was now entrusted to carry on the siege of the important fortress of Valenciennes. The first parallel was opened on the 14th of June, with little obstruction from the enemy. The second was immediately commenced; but heavy rains not only impeded the works, but prevented the bringing up of the battering train, and greatly endangered the health of the besiegers. Soon after the 18th of June the batteries were opened, and the unfortunate town, in a few days, was nearly reduced to ashes. Not, however, to dwell too long on events which could be interesting only to military readers, we shall only observe, that Valenciennes surrendered by capitulation on the 28th of July. The loss of the besiegers in killed and wounded amounted to about thirteen hundred men, of whom it was thought sickness had destroyed more than the sword: of the enemy, nine thousand seven hundred and eleven men, including sick and wounded, laid down their arms on this occasion.

After the surrender of Valenciennes, a council of war was held, during which a plan was proposed by the English officers for a disjunction of the grand army, so that the part which was commanded by the Duke of York should march into West Flanders and attack Dunkirk. This was strenuously opposed by all the old Austrian generals, who probably foresaw the evils that were likely to result from such a measure; but the preponderance of the British counsels unfortunately prevailed over the experience and better judgment of these veterans.

The Duke's corps, after separating from the main army, proceeded to Menin, without being much incommoded by the enemy. The hereditary Prince of Orange being attacked at Lincelles, the Duke sent three battalions of guards, under General Lake, to assist him. The Dutch, however, had been driven from their position before his arrival, and unluckily retreated by a different road from that along which Lake had marched to their succour. To have fallen back now, would have endangered the whole detachment; the general, therefore, embraced the spirited resolution of attacking the enemy, who occupied a redoubt of great strength near Lincelles. The battalions were instantly formed, and advancing under a heavy fire, with wonderful ardour and intrepidity, after three or four rounds, rushed in to the works, and drove the enemy before them. A second action began at the end of the village, in which the French were also defeated. The guards on this day suffered severely, but acquired great honour by their steadiness and resolution.

The army now approached Dunkirk, and obliged the enemy to abandon a camp they occupied at Givelde. On the 28th of August, the enemy, marching out of Dunkirk, attacked the Duke's out-posts between the canal of Furnes and the sea, but were obliged to retreat with loss, into the town; the ardour of the troops having carried them further in the pursuit than was intended, they became exposed to the cannon of the place, and sustained considerable loss. It has been said that his Royal Highness had well founded expectations that the gates of Dunkirk would have been opened to him by an officer of distinction in the place; but the latter having been superseded, the project of course failed.

The Duke now waited for the arrival of heavy artillery from England, to commence the siege. In the mean while the enemy began to be very active on their side, for they attacked General Freytag's quarters, and obliged him to fall back to Nonde School. The very next day, they also made a sally from the town on the British quarters. On the 7th of September, in the evening, another attack was made on General Freytag's quarters, without success; but, on the next morning, the French passing him in every point, the centre of his line was forced, and a considerable number of his detachment killed. It has been said by officers who served on this expedition, that the loss of the troops in British pay alone amounted to no less than 7000 men.

This unfortunate day proved decisive of

the fate of the campaign. His Royal Highness found himself compelled to abandon the position he had taken before Dunkirk, and was even obliged to leave behind him thirty-two pieces of heavy artillery, and an immense quantity of stores provided for the siege. So great was the confusion, and so complete the route, during this action, that Prince Adolphus and General Freytag had both been taken prisoners by the enemy, until fortunately rescued by a body of horse which the brave Hanoverian General Wal moden led to the charge.

After raising the siege of Dunkirk, the Duke took post at Furnes, whence he marched to the relief of Ypres, and advanced successively to Menin, Aigle, Fontaine, and Tournay. In the mean time, the enemy made repeated attacks on the Austrian posts, and at length obliged them to evacuate Menin. The Duke, finding his intentions to recover that important station counteracted by a movement of the enemy, resolved to make an attempt on Lannoy, where 1500 French were posted behind entrenchments. General Abercrombie commanded on this service, and executed it effectually with his artillery alone.

Reinforcements, in the mean time, having arrived from England at Ostend and Nieuport, which secured the safety of those places, his Royal Highness advanced to Camplin, whence he pushed forward a large detachment to Marchiennes, which was surprised, and 1500 French made prisoners of war. Their whole loss on the occasion amounted to near 2000 men. Soon after this affair the hostile armies went into winter quarters; and his Royal Highness, after assisting at a council of war held at Brussels, returned to England.

The ensuing campaign commenced under very inauspicious circumstances. The King of Prussia had withdrawn from the confederacy, and there was an obvious want of concert and unanimity in the councils of the allied generals.

The Emperor, having joined the army early in April, on the 17th all the combined forces were put in motion, in eight columns. The first forced the village of Catillon, and took post between the Sambre and Helpe, so as to invest Landrecies. The second proceeded to Nouvion; the third, which was under the Emperor and Prince of Cobourg, pushed forward as far as Henappe; the fourth and fifth, under the Duke of York, were to occupy the woods of Behain; but in consequence of the defiles and ravines they had to pass, the fourth column, which was led by his Royal Highness in person, did not arrive at the point of attack until the afternoon.

The Duke finding the enemy's position strong, determined to endeavour to turn their right flank; and the troops having accordingly gained the flank, and stormed and taken a redoubt, the French retreated on all sides. But the succeeding events of the campaign were far from answering the hopes which this favourable commencement produced. After suffering various repulses, the British troops were at length driven from the Austrian Netherlands, and pursued into Holland, which, in the end, they were compelled to evacuate, while that unhappy country became a prey to the conquerors.

His Royal Highness on his return to England was promoted to the rank of field marshal; and, on the death of Lord Amherst, succeeded to the high post of Commander in Chief of the British army. In 1799, he bore a part in the expedition against Holland, but fortune, as usual, decided against his Royal Highness, and he was obliged to evacuate that country by a convention not very honourable for the British name. A well informed writer, Mr. Fell, who visited Holland the year succeeding this disastrous expedition, asserts, from the information of a French officer of distinction, that after his Royal Highness was in possession of Alkmaer, it was the intention of General Brune, the Commander in Chief of the French and Dutch forces, to have crossed the Wye, and thereby have left Harlam and Amsterdam at the mercy of the British army; but the sudden and totally unexpected retreat of the Duke of York occasioned the French general to alter his intentions.

As Commander in Chief of the forces, his Royal Highness is entitled to praise for various useful regulations he has introduced into the service: should the accidents of the war call him again to the field, we fervently hope that future success may redeem

the past errors of his military career; and that the nation, relying on his talents and devotion to its service, may find security from them, in the beneficial exercise of the high authority with which the Sovereign has entrusted him.

HISTORY.

OF THE HINDU NATION.

THE concurrent testimony of the most enlightened nations of the world, has placed the first residence of the progenitors of the human race in Asia: no solid argument has been opposed to this hypothesis, nor indeed any speculation worthy of a serious consideration, including most decisively, in this censure, all the paradoxes and theories of the most ingenious and scientific of the French philosophers and astronomers. Were our views of the earth's duration not bounded by the belt of revealed history, the mythologists of the nation of which we have to treat, would launch us into the chaos of immeasurable antiquity, and the French philosophers would plunge us in inexplicable absurdities; but enlightened as we are by that better knowledge, which unassisted human reason cannot attain to, we are enabled to detect the fallacies of the one, and to refute the conjectures of the other.

The country which Europeans call *India*, and the Arabs and Persians *Hind* and *Hindustan*, is known to the natives by the name of *Bharata-varsha*, or the domain of *Bharat*. According to their geographers it is bounded on the north by the snowy mountains of *Himalaya*, the *Imaus* of classical antiquity; on the west by those *Vinhya*, called *Vindian* by Strabo; beyond which the *Sindhu*, or *Indus*, in its course to the sea, protects the western frontier; on the south-east by the great river *Saravatya*, or the river of *Ava*; and on the south by the ocean. It extends in length about two thousand miles, and fifteen hundred in breadth.

From the most remote antiquity, the inhabitants of this extensive region have been distinguished for the singularity of their manners; their inviolable and rigid adherence to the religion and customs of their ancestors; their inexhaustible wealth; and the inimitable ingenuity of their manufactures. Enjoying a mild climate, and possessing a soil producing almost spontaneously every thing necessary to human subsistence, India has in all ages been one of the greatest marts of commerce in the world, and attracted the attention of the curious in almost every walk of life. No country has experienced greater vicissitudes of fortune, in none has so little change taken place in the ancient manners of its inhabitants. A traveller of the present day might recognize the natives of Hindustan from the most remote accounts that exist of that region. Of this a striking instance may be produced from the geographical poem of Dionysius, which Mr. Bryant, the learned analysist of "Ancient Mythology," has thus translated with equal spirit and fidelity:

"To th' east a lovely country wide extends,
India, whose borders the wide ocean bounds;
On this the sun, new rising from the main,
Smiles pleas'd, and sheds his early orient beam.
Th' inhabitants are swarth, and in their locks
Betray the tints of the dark hyacinth.
Various their functions; some the rock explore,
And from the mine extract the latent gold;
Some labour at the woof with cunning skill,
And manufacture linen; others shape
And polish iv'ry with the nicest care:
Many retire to rivers shoal, and plunge
To seek the flaming beryl in its bed,
Or glitt'ring diamond. Oft the jasper's found
Green, but diaphanous; the topaz too
Of ray serene and pleasing: last of all
The lovely amethyst, in which combine
All the mild shades of purple. The rich soil,
Wash'd by a thousand rivers, from all sides
Pours on the natives wealth without control."

From the earliest to the most recent accounts of India, the natives have been represented as a wise and ingenious people, polished in their manners, intimately conversant in all useful arts, and possessing the advantages of a regular form of government, and a well defined system of laws, each originating from and blended with a religion peculiarly adapted to the climate and aspect of the country, and the genius, character, and physical organization of its inhabitants.

Conjecture has long been fruitlessly exercised

as to the period when this venerable system of legislation and religion was communicated to the Hindus; and notwithstanding the various lights that have been shed of late years on the subject, by our learned and ingenious countrymen in the East, it still continues involved in much obscurity. Sir William Jones, a man, the diversified powers of whose mind embraced almost every branch of human knowledge, in treating of this abstruse subject, delivers it as an indisputable proposition, that the authentic records of the Hindu nation cannot be carried farther back than about two thousand years before the birth of our Saviour *; that the *Vedas*, the scripture of the Hindus, were committed to writing about twelve hundred years antecedent to that era, having been orally transmitted, before that time, for a period of about four centuries †. But this calculation falls infinitely short of the remote origin, which the Hindus themselves ascribe to their national faith. According to their chronologists the world is in its fourth age, and fifty days of *Brahma* have elapsed since its creation. Now a day of *Brahma* is declared to be equal to the reign of fourteen *Menus*, each of whom is believed to have presided over the earth for the space of four million three hundred and twenty thousand years, multiplied by seventy-one ‡. "Such a period," Sir William Jones observes, "one might conceive, would have satisfied *Archytas*, the measurer of sea and land, and the numberer of their sands, or *Archimedes*, who invented a notation that was capable of expressing the number of them;" but rational history cannot enter the lists with such an exaggerated chronology.

The sages of India teach, that mankind have degenerated both in their moral and physical qualities since the creation of the world. According to them, in the first age of the world, or *Satya Yug*, mortals were pious and devout; the patriarchs of the human race were exempt from passions and diseases, and their blameless lives were extended to the long period of one hundred thousand years. This age of innocence and virtue, to which the Greeks and Romans gave the appellation of the golden age, is supposed by the Hindus to have lasted three million two hundred thousand years.

In the second age, or *Treta Yug*, *divine knowledge* prevailed among men; but one third of the human race became impious; the number of their days was reduced to ten thousand years, and the age itself was limited to two million four hundred thousand years.

In the third age, or *Dwapara Yug*, one half of the human race became profane and vicious; their lives were reduced to the compass of ten centuries; and one million six hundred thousand years was the period of this brazen age.

The present age of the world is called *Cali Yug*, and the Brahmens consider it as the age of corruption and impiety. According to their computation, it is destined to endure four hundred thousand years, of which about five thousand are believed already to have elapsed; and the age of man is curtailed to the limits of a century *.

When the *Cali* age shall have accomplished its vast circuit of four hundred thousand years, the Hindus believe that the *Satya* age will commence again; and thus these four grand periods will continue to revolve in regular succession to the end of time. It is impossible to reconcile so extravagant a chronology, with our ideas of the world's duration; and its regular and artificial arrangement may induce a well grounded suspicion, that all beyond the *Cali* age is nothing but the dreams of astronomers. It cannot be admitted as natural or probable, Sir William Jones well observes, that men should become reprobate in a geometrical progression, or at the termination of regular periods; yet so well proportioned are the *Yugs*, that even the length of human life is diminished, as they advance, from a hundred thousand years, in a subdecuple ratio. All idea of serious history is excluded by an arrangement so technical. The *Cali* age, which comes near to the era of the flood, may therefore be considered as the only genuine historical age of the Hindus, and beyond that period all is uncertainty and darkness.

But whatever extravagance we may impute to their chronologers, it cannot be denied that the Hindu theologists appear to have entertained, from the earliest antiquity, correct ideas of the majesty of the Supreme Being. A clear and distinct belief in that sublime truth, the Unity of the Deity, forms the fundamental tenet of the reli-

* Discourse of the Chronology of the Hindus, Works of Sir William Jones, Vol. I. p. 309.

† Preface to the Institutes of Menu, Works of Sir W. J. Vol. III. p. 56.

‡ Discourse of the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India. Sir W. J. Vol. I. p. 244—5. Bhagvat Geeta, p. 75.

* Howell's Interesting Hist. Events. Part II. p. 68. Halhed's Preface to the Code of Gentoo Laws. p. xxxvi. "Le Theatre de l'Idolatrie, par Ab. Rogers," liv. 2. c. v. Bernier, in Chur. Collect. Vol. VIII. p. 77. Sir W. J. Vol. III. p. 77.

gious faith of the learned Brahmens of the present day; and their sentiments concerning his qualities, attributes, and perfections, often approach near to the language of our own inspired writers. "Being immaterial," say they, "he is above all conception; being invisible, he can have no form: but, from what we behold in his works, we may conclude that he is eternal, omnipotent, knowing all things, and present every where*." Sir William Jones has given us a literal translation of four verses from the *Bhagvat Geeta*†, which are believed to have been pronounced by the Supreme Being to Brahma, and are of themselves so curious, that we cannot refrain from transcribing them.

"Even I was even at first, not any other thing; that, which exists, unperceived; supreme; afterwards I AM THAT WHICH IS; and he who must remain am I.

"Except the FIRST CAUSE, whatever may appear, or may not appear, in the mind, know that to be the mind's *Maya*, or *delusion*, as light as darkness.

"As the great elements are in various beings, entering, yet not entering (that is, pervading not destroying), thus am I in them, yet not in them.

"Even thus far may enquiry be made by him, who seeks to know the principle of mind in union and separation, which must be EVERY WHERE ALWAYS‡."

Wild and obscure, observes the illustrious and amiable writer whom we have had occasion so often to quote, as these ancient verses must appear in a naked verbal translation, it will probably be thought by many, that the poetry and mythology of Greece and Italy afford no conceptions more awfully magnificent; but the brevity and simplicity of the Jewish lawgiver on the same subject are unequalled.

The Hindu account of the creation of the world bears a striking resemblance, in many particulars, to the account of that great event, as related by Moses in the Pentateuch. By comparing the following extracts from the Institutes of *Menu*, accounted by the Hindus the oldest and holiest of legislators, with such portions of the first and second chapters of Genesis as relate to the same stupendous events, our readers may form a judgment for themselves, of the wonderful coincidence, both in matter and language, of the two historians.

"This *universe* existed only *in the first divine idea yet unexpanded, as if involved in darkness, imperceptible, undefinable, undiscoverable by reason, and undiscovered by revelation*, as if it were wholly immersed in sleep.

"Then the *sole* self-existing power, himself undiscerned, but making this world discernible, with five elements and other principles of nature, appeared with undiminished glory, *expanding his idea*, or dispelling the gloom.

"He, having willed to produce various beings from his own divine substance, first, with a thought, created the waters.

"The waters are called *Nara*, because they were the production of *Nara*, or *the spirit of God*; and, since they were his first *ayana*, or place of motion, he is thence named *Naryana*, or *moving on the waters*.

"From THAT WHICH IS, the first cause, not the object of sense, existing *every where in substance*, not existing to our perception, without beginning or end, was produced the divine male, famed in all worlds, under the appellation of BRAHMA.

"He framed the heaven above, and the earth beneath: in the midst he placed the subtle ether, the eight regions, and the permanent receptacle of waters.

"From the supreme soul he drew forth *mind*, existing substantially though unperceived by sense, immaterial; and, before mind, or the reasoning power, he produced consciousness, the eternal monitor, the ruler.

"He gave being to time and the divisions of time, to the stars also, and to the planets, to rivers, oceans, and mountains, to level plains, and uneven vallies.

"He framed all creatures, &c. &c. &c.

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* Dow's Hist. of Hindost. Prelim. Dissert. p. 36.

† This work, which appeared many years ago in an English dress, was translated from the Sanscrit, the first undertaking of that kind, by Mr. Wilkins, now librarian of the India-house, and probably the first Oriental scholar in the world. Mr. Hastings, under whose patronage it appeared, prefixed an elegant letter to the work, in which he recommended it as the greatest curiosity which the learning and industry of our countrymen in the East had yet presented to the European world. We entirely subscribe to his opinion of it. "It has doubtless many obscure and redundant passages; some decked with ornaments of fancy unsuited to our taste; and others elevated to a tract of sublimity into which our habits of judgment will find it difficult to pursue them; but few which will shock our religious faith, or offend our moral feelings." *Bhagvat Geeta*, p. 7.

‡ Works of Sir W. J. Vol. I. p. 252. Vide also Voyage de Sonnerat, Liv. III. c. 1.

"He whose powers are incomprehensible, having thus created the universe, was again absorbed in the Supreme Spirit, changing the time of energy for the time of repose*."

There appears no very striking difference between the Hindu cosmogony and the Mosaic account of the creation, nor can the warmest advocate of revelation be much offended at the manner in which the Indian legislator has described the SELF EXISTENT BEING in his majestic character of CREATOR OF THE UNIVERSE. Tradition, or, it is not impious to suppose, as the Hindus, in an amiable spirit of liberality, allow to our modes of faith, some supernatural power, might have instructed the Brahmens in the belief and acknowledgment of *one all-wise, supreme, and incomprehensible Being*, and have afforded them some indistinct views of the formation of things; but beyond these points so much of human feelings, passions, and interests prevail in their scheme of religion, that we may safely reject the asserted divinity of its origin; and content ourselves with examining it, as we shall do in a future number, as one of the most ancient, durable, and singular monuments of human policy, that the world has ever seen.

(To be continued.)

* Works of Sir W. J. Vol. III. p. 66 et seq. Vide also Dow's Dissert. concerning the Customs, &c. of the Hindus, p. 38. M. Sonnerat, who was employed under the old court of France, seven years in India, to investigate the religion, manners, arts, and manufactures of the Hindus, pronounces Col. Dow's work to be the best that had appeared on Indian History. (*Voyage aux Indes et à la Chine*, Vol. I. p. 195.)

STATE OF SOCIETY, MANNERS, &c.

ICELAND.

QUITTING the frozen regions of Greenland, our plan of giving an account of the state of society, manners, &c. of the various nations of the globe, naturally leads us to Iceland, as from its geographical position next to be considered. The southern extremity of the island lies in latitude 64 N. Its length is about 360 British miles, and its breadth about 240. Nothing can be conceived more hideous than the appearance of the country. From one end to the other it presents to the view only barren mountains, whose summits are covered with eternal snow, and between them fields divided by vitrified cliffs, which obstruct the sight of the scanty vegetation they produce. The same dreary rocks likewise conceal the few scattered habitations of the natives, and a single tree no where appears to give relief to the nakedness and sterility of the scene.

Iceland first began to be cultivated in the ninth century by a Norwegian colony, among whom were many Swedes. They remained in an unmolested state of freedom in this sequestered corner of the world for a long time; but were, however, at last obliged to submit to the Kings of Norway, and afterwards became subjects, together with Norway, to the Kings of Denmark. They were at first governed by an Admiral, who was sent thither every year to make the necessary regulations; but this method has been changed many years, and a governor is appointed by the King of Denmark, who resides constantly in the country.

The Icelanders are middle sized and well made, though not very strong; and the women in general are ill featured. Vices are much less common among them than in other parts, where riches and luxury have corrupted the morals of the people. Theft is seldom heard of; nor are they inclined to incontinence, though there are examples of persons having been punished more than once on that account. Their poverty prevents them from exercising the rites of hospitality to any great extent, but they are nevertheless of a liberal disposition; they cheerfully give away the little they have to spare, and express the utmost joy and pleasure if their gifts appear to be received with satisfaction. When they want to shew themselves particularly affectionate, they salute each other on the mouth; and this ceremony is performed on visits to the whole family. In other respects they are honest, faithful, and obliging, and extremely attached to government. Of this Dr. Von Troil, who visited Iceland in 1772, in company with the present worthy President of the Royal Society, and some other scientific gentlemen, gives a remarkable instance.

"To prevent smuggling, there is a severe penalty for piloting a strange ship into the harbour. When the philosophic travellers made the coast, they were under the necessity of forcing an Icelander to stay on board, and serve them as a pilot; and though appeased by good treatment and presents, he nevertheless carried the ship to an unsafe place, till the governor granted his leave to remove her to a safe anchorage. When the reason of this strange behaviour was asked, the Icelander answered, he would rather suffer himself to be cut in pieces, than act against the regulations of his King. It is told, however, that the inhabitants of the northern coast are not quite so docile, and therefore less obsequious."

The religion of Iceland is Lutheran, and the natives are very zealous in it; but, it must be owned, not without a mixture of superstition. An Icelander never passes a river, or any other dangerous place, without previously taking off his hat, and imploring divine protection; and he is always thankful for the protection of God when he has passed the danger. Providence has wisely instilled into the human heart the love of that soil on which a man is born, probably with a view that those places, which are not favoured with the choicest blessings of nature, should not be left without inhabitants. The people of Iceland are inexpressibly attached to their native country, and are no where so happy. An Icelander, therefore, rarely settles in Copenhagen, though ever so advantageous conditions should be offered him.

In conversation the Icelanders are cheerful, but simple and credulous; and, like all other northern nations, are fond of spirituous liquors. When they meet together, their chief amusement consists in reading the ancient histories or chronicles of their country: the master of the house usually begins, and the rest continue in their turns when he is tired. Some of them know these stories by heart; others have them in print; and others in writing. Another of their pastimes consists in reciting verses, which are sometimes bad enough sung. They besides amuse themselves at their meetings with what they call *trike leaka*, where a man and a woman take one another by the hand, and by turns sing stanzas, which are a kind of dialogue, and to which the company sometimes join in chorus. This, however, affords little amusement to a stranger, as they generally sing very bad, without observing time or any other grace, and particularly as they have not the least knowledge of the modern improvements in music.

Their other diversions consist of dancing, wrestling, playing with bowls, horse-races, chess, and some games at cards. It is worthy of observation that all these games are merely for amusement, since they never play for money, which is forbidden by one of their old laws, and a fine inflicted on the parties who transgress it.

In their dress the Icelanders adhere to the mode of their ancestors. It is neither elegant nor ornamental, but yet neat, cleanly, and well suited to the nature of their climate. The men all wear a linen shirt next the skin, with a short jacket, and wide pair of breeches over it. All this is made of coarse black cloth, called *wadmal*. On their heads they wear large three-cornered hats, and on their feet worsted stockings and Icelandic shoes. Some of them have shoes from Copenhagen, but as they are rather too expensive, they generally make their own shoes, sometimes of ox hide, but principally of sheep's leather. The manner in which they make them is thus; they cut a square piece of leather, rather wider than the length of the foot; this they sew up at the toes, and behind the heel, and tie it on with leather thongs. These shoes are convenient enough where the country is level, but very difficult for those who are not used to them, to go among the rocks and stones, though the Icelanders do it with great ease. Of their fishing dress we shall speak hereafter.

Like the men, the women are always dressed in black: they wear a bodice over their shifts, which are sewed up at the bosom; and above this a jacket laced before, with long narrow sleeves reaching down to the wrists. In the opening on the side of the sleeve they have chased buttons, with a plate fixed to each button, on which the bridegroom, when he buys them, in order to present to his bride, takes care to have his name and hers engraved. At the top of the jacket a little black collar is fixed of about three inches broad, of velvet or silk, and frequently ornamented with gold cord. The petticoat, which is likewise of black cloth, reaches down to the ancles; and round the top of it is a girdle of silver, or some other metal, to which they fasten the apron, which is also made of *wadmal*, and ornamented at the top with chased buttons. Over this they wear an upper dress, nearly resembling that of the peasants in Sweden, with this difference, that it is wider at bottom: this is close at the neck and wrists, and a hand's breadth shorter than the petticoat. It is generally adorned with a facing down to the very bottom, which looks like cut velvet, and is wove by the Icelandic women themselves. On their fingers they wear many gold, silver, or brass rings. Their head-dress consists of several cloths wrapped

round the head, almost as high again as the face: it is tied fast with a silk handkerchief, and serves more for warmth than ornament. Girls are not permitted to wear this head-dress until they are marriageable. At their weddings they are adorned in a very particular manner: the bride wears close to the face, round her head-dress, a crown of silver gilt. She has two chains round her neck, one of which hangs down very low before, and the other rests on her shoulders. Besides these she wears a lesser chain on the neck, from which a heart generally hangs, and which may be opened to put balsam or any other kind of perfume into. The dress here described is worn by all the Icelandic women, high and low, without any exception; with this sole difference, that the poorer sort have their garments of coarse cloth, with ornaments of brass, while those that are in more affluent circumstances, have them of broad cloth, with silver ornaments gilt. Von Troil saw some ladies whose dresses were worth at least three hundred dollars.

The houses of the Icelanders are not alike throughout the country. According to some descriptions, they are tolerable on the north side of the island; but in that part which Von Troil and his curious associates visited, they are very wretched, except the governor's house, and those of a few other principal persons, constructed at the expence of the Danish government. In some parts the dwellings and other buildings of the Icelanders are made of drift wood; in others they are constructed of lava, almost in the same manner as the stone walls we make for inclosures, with moss instead of mortar stuffed between the interstices of the lava. In some houses the walls are wainscotted within. The roof is covered with sods laid over rafters, or sometimes over the ribs of whales, which are more durable, but more expensive, than wood. The timber work rests on beams laid lengthways; the walls are about three yards high, and the entrance somewhat lower. The number of apartments in a house seldom exceed six, and they are all on the ground floor, with windows formed of the membranes of animals instead of glass. But besides the dwelling-house, some have a booth or shed to keep their fish in, another for their cloaths, &c. and not far off the stable for their cattle. In the poor sort of houses these conveniences are wanting.

The chief employment of the Icelanders is fishing, or attending to the care of their cattle. The inhabitants who live near the coasts employ themselves almost the whole year in fishing; and even those who live in the inland parts of the country come to the sea shore at certain seasons. Every master of a family has a particular fishing dress, and is obliged to furnish one to his servant when he goes to sea. These are made of sheep or calves skins, which, in manufacturing, are frequently rubbed over with train oil. They consist of breeches and stockings, all in one piece, which come up pretty high above the hips, and are laced on very tight: a wide jacket fastened round the neck and the middle of the waist; or coarse stockings of stiff worsted, and water shoes of thick leather.

Their boats are commonly small, and only contain from one to four men, with these they fish near the shore; but with their larger boats, which are made to contain from twelve to sixteen men, and are provided with sails, they frequently venture from four to eight miles at sea.

In these vessels they always carry a man extraordinary, whom they call *formann*. He sits at the helm; and the others obey him. At an appointed time, they all assemble, at his call, near the vessel, provided with knives, fishing lines, and other proper tackle. As soon as the boat puts off from the shore, all on board take off their hats and caps, pray for good success, and recommend themselves to the divine protection by a prayer and hymn, and then stand out to sea. As soon as they arrive at a place where they expect a good draught, two of them sit down at the helm, to prevent the boat's being moved out of its place by the current, and take care that the fishing lines are not entangled, while the rest are pursuing their occupation. In this manner they continue fishing the whole day; and when the boat will not contain any more fish, they cut off the heads of all they have caught, which they throw into the sea together with the entrails.

At their return, all the fish are brought on shore, and divided into equal shares: one share belongs to the owner of the boat, though he should not be out at sea with them, and this is called *skip leiga* (ship share); another is given to him who sat at the helm; a third to him who governed the sails. In a word, every fisherman gets one share. But this equal division is made only with the smaller fish. If any one in the boat is so fortunate as to catch a turbot or other valuable fish, it is immediately cut into pieces, and the three best given to him who caught it.

As soon as they have thus shared them, every one cuts off the heads of his fish, draws them, and after cutting them up from top to bottom on the side of the belly, takes out the back-bone from that part where it is fixed to the head, down to the third joint below the heart. If the weather be such as to give them hopes of drying their

fish next day, they lay them with the fleshy side facing each other; but if the weather is unfavourable, they lay the pieces on a heap, with the skinny side uppermost, and this they call *lagga i kase:* if they lie too long in this position, or one above another, they spoil, and are sold to the merchants under the denomination of *kasad fisk.* When the weather is fair, these pieces are spread frequently on stones, or on the shore, and turned by the women till they are entirely dry; this often requires a fortnight's time, and sometimes more. The fish prepared in this manner is called *flat fiskur*, or flat fish.

In some parts they do not dry the fish on stones, or on the shore, but, after ripping them up, place them in rows on stones that are laid cross-wise in a house built for that purpose. These huts are called *hiallur* in Iceland, and somewhat resemble the sheds in which farriers shoe horses. The fish, thus prepared, are called *hengi fiskur*, or hung fish.

Next to fishing, the principal support of the Icelanders is the breeding of cattle. Their beeves are not large, but very fat and good. It has been reported by some, though without foundation, that there are none among them with horns. It is certain, however, that they seldom have any. The large cattle are kept at home in their yards the greater part of the year, though some have places appropriated to them in the mountains, which they call *saltr*, where they send their cattle during the summer, till the hay harvest is over. They have a herdsman to attend them, and two women to milk them, and to make butter and cheese. It is common to meet with oxen running wild about the mountains, which are, however, drove home in autumn, as every one knows his own cattle by a particular mark put upon them.

The Icelandic sheep, which form a considerable part of the riches of the natives, differ from ours in several particulars: they have straight ears standing upright, a small tail, and it is common to meet with those that have four or five horns. In some places they are kept in stables during the winter; but they are generally left to seek their food by themselves in the fields. It is remarkable that they are fond of hiding themselves in caves, of which there are a great many in Iceland, in stormy and tempestuous weather. When they cannot find any retreat during a heavy fall of snow, they gather themselves in a body, with their heads to the middle, and bent to the ground, which not only prevents them from being so easily buried under the snow, but facilitates the owner finding them again. In this situation they can remain several days; and there are instances, we are informed, of their having been forced by hunger to gnaw the wool from each other's fleeces. They are, however, generally sought for, and soon disengaged.

The principal profit which the natives derive from their sheep, is their wool. This is not shorn off as with us, but remains on till the end of May, when it loosens of itself, and is stripped off at once like a skin, and is then called *Ullafat.* The whole body is by this time covered again with new wool, which is quite short and fine, and of a better quality than the Swedish. It continues to grow the whole summer, and becomes coarser and stiffer towards autumn; it is likewise smooth and glossy, somewhat resembling camel's hair, but more shaggy. This covering enables the sheep to support the rigours of winter; but after they have lost their wool, if the spring proves a wet one, they take care to sew a piece of coarse cloth, or *wadmal*, round the stomach of the weakest, or those that have least wool.

But the chief treasure of the Icelanders is the eider duck: their down is extremely valuable, and forms the principal article which they barter with for foreign commodities. The eider birds generally build their nests on little islands not far from the shore, and sometimes even near the dwellings of the natives, who treat them with so much kindness and circumspection, as to make them quite tame. In the beginning of June they lay five or six eggs, and it is not unusual to find from ten to sixteen eggs in one nest together, with two females, who agree remarkably well. The whole time of laying continues six or seven weeks, and they are fond of laying three times in different places: in the two first both the eggs and down are taken away, but in the last this is seldom done. Those to whom one of these places belong, visit it at least once a week.

When they come to the nest, they first carefully remove the female, and then take away the superfluous down and eggs, after which they replace the female on the remaining ones, when she begins to lay afresh, and covers her eggs with new down, which she has plucked from herself: when she has no more down left, the male comes to her assistance, and covers the eggs with his down, which is white, and easily distinguished from the females. The best down and the most eggs are got during the three first weeks of their laying; and it has in general been observed, that they lay the greatest number of eggs in rainy weather. As long as the female sits, the male is on the watch near the shore; but as soon as the young are hatched, he leaves them; but the mother remains with them a considerable time after. It is curious to observe how she leads them out of the nest, as soon as they have broken the

shells, and goes before them to the shore, whilst they trip after her: when she comes to the water side, she takes them on her back, and swims for the space of a few yards, when she suddenly dives, and the young ones, who are left floating on the water, are obliged to take care of themselves.

No country abounds more in curiosities of nature of the terrific kind than Iceland, among which mount Heckla, and the hot spouting water springs, deserve particular notice. Mount Heckla is situated in the southern part of the island, about four miles from the sea-coast, and is divided at the top into three points, the highest of which is about 5000 feet above the level of the sea. Von Troil, who ascended it with the gentleman we have before mentioned, gives the following account of their journey:—

"We made use of our horses, but were obliged to quit them at the first opening from which the fire had burst. This was a place surrounded with lofty glazed walls, and filled with high vitrified cliffs, which I cannot compare with any thing I ever saw.

"A little higher up we found a great quantity of grit and stones, and still farther on another opening, which, though not deep, however descended lower down than that of the highest point. We thought we plainly observed evident marks of hot boiling water in this place.

"Not far from thence the mountain began to be covered with snow, some small spots excepted, which were bare. We could not at first discern the cause of this difference, but soon found that it proceeded from the vapour arising from the mountain. As we ascended higher, these spots became larger; and, about two hundred yards from the summit, we found a hole of about one yard and a half in diameter, from which so hot a steam exhaled, that it prevented us from ascertaining the degree of heat with the thermometer.

"The cold now began to be very intense, as Fahrenheit's thermometer, that was at 54 at the foot of the mountain, fell to 24. The wind was also become so violent, that we were sometimes obliged to lie down to avoid being thrown into the most dreadful precipices by its fury.

"We were now arrived at one of the highest summits, when our conductor, who did not take great pleasure in the walk, endeavoured to persuade us that this was the highest part of the mountain. We had just finished our observations, and found by them that Ramsden's barometer stood at 24-288, and the thermometer, fixed to it, at 27, when happily the clouds divided, and we discovered a still higher summit. We lost no time in deliberation, but immediately ascended it, and when at the top discovered a space of ground, about eight yards in breadth, and twenty in length, entirely free from snow; the sand was, however, quite wet, from the snow having lately melted away. Here we experienced at one and the same time a high degree of heat and cold, for in the air Fahrenheit's thermometer was constantly at 24, and when we set it on the ground, it rose to 153.

"We could not with safety remain here any longer, though we were very much inclined to it; and descended, after having considered the last opening there, one of the sides of which was entirely overturned, and the other quite covered with ashes and grit. In our return we observed three considerable openings, in one of which every thing looked as red as brick. From another the lava had flowed in a stream of about fifty yards in breadth, which the Icelanders call *stenäa*, or stone flood; and at some distance from thence the stream divided into three broad arms. Further on we found a large circular opening, at the bottom whereof we observed a mountain in the form of a sugar loaf, in throwing up of which the fire seemed to have exhausted itself."

Our travellers likewise visited the celebrated hot spring at Geyser, where is the largest of all the spouting springs in Iceland, or perhaps in the known world. The water gushes boiling hot out of an opening or pipe nineteen feet in diameter, and is sometimes projected with such force as to rise to the height of above 100 feet in the air. Icelandic writers affirm that the Geyser is sometimes spouted up to the height of sixty fathoms, but this Von Troil considers as an exaggeration: the height to which he observed the water mount was about 92 feet. The water does not issue regularly, but by starts, and after certain intervals; and it is remarkable that it rises higher in cold and bad weather, than at other times. In the neighbourhood of the Geyser there are forty or fifty boiling springs, but none of them comparable with that magnificent *jet d'eau* of nature.

The population of Iceland is computed at 60,000. There are two bishops' sees in the island, and one hundred and eighty-nine parishes, all the ministers of which are natives of the country, but, as may be conceived, their stipends are extremely small. Formerly Iceland could boast of her eminent literary men, and some valuable remains of Icelandic literature are preserved in the library of the British museum; but at present literature is at a low ebb with them, and does not seem likely soon to revive.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ON THE POETIC OF ARISTOTLE.

OF all the illustrious writers who have laboured for the benefit of mankind, perhaps there has been no one that has done so much with so little reward, as the unfashionable Aristotle. But he has been unfortunately one of those men who, though their genius perpetually commands and enforces respect, have seldom been favoured with spontaneous approbation—because those who lay down principles irrefragable in discussion, yet difficult of practical attainment, are detested by writers unable to follow those principles; and, like schoolmasters, are dreaded and revered in almost every individual instance of exerted authority, yet in general conversation abused, and on every possible opportunity, eagerly ridiculed. To ridicule is always easy—Homer has been burlesqued, and Aristotle may be made a subject for mirth; but those who have determined on attacking him, seem to have been for the most part men of but little capacity; for instead of twisting his own axioms to his disadvantage, they have been obliged to saddle him with all the extravagancies that have been hazarded by his enthusiastic disciples. But this is at least as unjust as the observation of the young nobleman who declared himself convinced that Lord Chesterfield must have been a gawky fool, because his son was neither a gentleman nor a wit. Aristotle, however, is said to be most particularly answerable for the follies of his pupils, on account of a phrase that has been handed down to us, by which they are supposed to have settled all controversies, and which was couched in these comprehensive terms, "The Master has said it." And yet it seems very unfair to conceive that dogmatical authority was preferred to reasonable evidence, by a man, who, when speaking of his master, said, "I have a friendship for Plato, but I have a still greater friendship for truth." The peaceable sage, who in the Lyceum of Athens discoursed on the elements of logic, could not foresee that the rage for argument, uniting itself with the phrensy of party spirit, would one day produce bloodshed and havock, and create cut-throats under the title of Aristotelian disputants.

While we pay the just tribute of admiration to the Stagyrite, we cannot but confess that the progress of experience, and the habits of enlarged reasoning, have overthrown some part of the doctrines that he preached; yet after making all reasonable deductions, we must acknowledge that he will still remain a prodigy. With the exception, perhaps, of the imaginative power alone, he possessed all the capabilities of the human intellect—and, even as far as concerns imagination, we may urge in his eulogium, that if he was not himself an orator or a poet, he did at least dictate most admirable precepts both to eloquence and to poetry. And perhaps a man who possesses the numerous abilities which were united in Aristotle, may even without imagination, attain a just renown for one species of critical merit. Criticism is of two kinds—the one is the criticism which, from feeling and judgment properly mixed and tempered, is capable of estimating an existing work—the other is that criticism, which by strong judgment, without the aid of much feeling, may give laws to the poet for the formation of his embryo. That in order to form an instantaneous judgment of an existing work, it is necessary to possess some kind of imagination, is not to be denied; at least so much imagination as enables the critics, not indeed to have equalled the author if they had themselves undertaken his work, but to follow that author through all the delicacies into which he thinks proper to lead: as a man who has infirm limbs may travel where his horses draw him, but he whom debility confines to his chamber is incapable of undertaking a journey at all. This imagination, employed in criticism, is termed feeling: and if critics possess enough of that to enter completely into the sentiment of their author, it is not necessary that they should actually be themselves men of the highest imagination, even in order to judge, at once, and as it were instinctively, of the general beauty of an existing work. As to the *defects*, no one, we believe, will maintain that imagination is requisite in order to detect *them*.

Lastly, It is possible for a critic, without possessing much even of that instinctive imagination which we have termed feeling, to give rules to a poet for the formation of an embryo work: for feeling, which is a faculty exercised only on beauties, can never have any concern in the composition of rules, which are useful merely in

preventing faults, and never can give birth to beauties. Yet perhaps we shall be told, that it is necessary in making a complete system of rules, to give a few, not merely for the prevention of faults; but also for the *management* of beauties *conceived*, if not for the original *conception* of beauties. But surely this is a matter in which feeling is not of necessity concerned. Beauties are beauties as they produce effects upon the passions: and the best art of managing them is of course that which will make them most effective. This art may be learned without acute feeling on the part of the critic, simply by accurate observation of the certain causes that produce certain effects upon the passions of the world at large; as the sun may be most clearly viewed by its reflection on the water.

These distinctions between criticism *à priori*, which is the *science* of poetry, and criticism *à posteriori*, which is the *estimate* of it, seem in justice to deserve consideration, before Aristotle is condemned in his *criticism* for not aspiring to *imagination*. It was only the scientific part of poetry on which he wrote; and an able musician might as well be considered an incapable teacher of his art, because he may not happen to be a good singer, as a metaphysical critic should be condemned because he is not a poet.

Aristotle, after all, has been the discoverer of the causes which gave birth to poetry, of the principles by which those causes operated, and of many of the best methods of turning those causes to the greatest possible advantage. On those creative causes, and on the principles which have promoted their operation, we propose to say a few words in the present article. In this, and in many other essays which we hope hereafter to submit to our readers, we have derived great assistance and even many original hints from the *Lycée*, or *Cours de Littérature* of M. Laharpe; a book which we earnestly recommend to the classical reader for his entertainment and even instruction, although it was declared by its author to be a work of less pretension. It is, however, a course of criticism, which will never be blindly followed by an English reader, on account of the immense diversity between the poetic tastes of England and France, and which we do not think it perfectly safe to put into the hands of persons whose style of thinking is yet to be formed, because there are some general principles laid down in it, which do not appear satisfactory to us, and which, we believe, when maturely considered, will not be satisfactory to the generality of intelligent readers.

Poetry, says Aristotle, appears to have been generated by two causes, and those natural. Imitation, from earliest infancy, grows up with mankind; and indeed one of the principal points, in which he differs from other animals, is his propensity to imitation; for his first lessons are learnt from imitation; and in imitation all men delight. An illustration of this is found in the works of art: for things which in their reality we view with pain, are beheld by us with pleasure through the medium of representations the most accurately executed; such as the figures of the finest beasts, and of dead bodies.

The latter part of this observation, which is in itself natural, and yet profound, is to be taken, say the French critics, with considerable allowances. That allowances are to be made in almost every possible case, and exceptions to be admitted to almost every general rule, we are very willing to grant—but surely it is rather unreasonable in those who demand this allowance, to expect that exceptions are to be made in no one's favour but their own. Their system is the preclusion of allowance to authors; and yet in order to establish that system, they request allowance for themselves—yes, for themselves, we will not say for Aristotle—because we believe that Aristotle meant what he wrote to be taken literally; and that, when he declared painful objects to be capable of exciting agreeable feelings in representation, he did not intend to except those tragic instruments and occurrences, of which the Persian critics have so great an abhorrence. Whatever is painful in nature, appears to be a proper subject for imitation in serious poetry: it is only what is mean that the Muses reject; and even that has its place in one department of the poetic art, we mean comedy. Satire also meddles with what is mean; but rather attacks it directly, than exposes it by imitation. Why should that which in nature is dreadful, be excluded from poetry, while it is admitted by the sister arts? Frenchmen blame our tragedy for the representation of death; yet can admire a picture of the crucifixion, or a sculpture of Laocoon and his sons. *Ut pictura poesis erit.*

The second original cause of poetry, is, according to Aristotle, the taste which we have for rhythm and song, a taste which is no less natural to us than that of imitation. To feel the full justice of this remark, it should be remembered that the first verses were sung, and likewise, that in all the known languages there is scarcely any singing but in measured words; which proves the affinity of song and rhythm. As this last word, originally Greek, is now become a term of common use, perhaps it will be proper to attempt an explanation of it; for when technical terms grow into usual expressions, it frequently happens, that persons, who are not profound,

misapply when they use them, or misunderstand when they read them. Rhythm has been tolerably well defined by Batteux to be, a *determinate space, made to accord with another of the same kind.* This general definition is necessarily somewhat abstract; but it will become much clearer when it is applied to the three things which are principally susceptible of rhythm, namely, verse, music, and dancing. In verse, the rhythm has been defined to be a measured and terminated course of syllables or words which usually accord with another similar course. Yet at this day, verse is very frequently composed without a regular correspondence in all the lines; so that now the accordance of a line is often rather an accordance with the idea which habit has established in our minds of its measure, than an actual accordance of written syllables. Yet a line, taken separately, has always an accordance among its own parts, which we call measure, being necessarily composed of feet or spaces, either uniform, as in the iambics of the pure English and French Alexandrine; or of such a nature as to harmonize completely with each other, as in the mixed tactyls and spondees of the Greek and Latin hexameter. Music is constituted by almost the same measurement and accordance, not necessarily articulated, but of simple sounds: and dancing is still the same principle of measurement and accordance, applied to motions instead of sounds. Perhaps, however, what Batteux calls space, is more properly musical time.

The causes of poetry having been shewn by Aristotle to be the propensity of imitation and the love of rhythm, he points out, not indeed subsequently but incidentally, the principles upon which those causes themselves are founded, and which still promote in our breasts the effects that the two before-mentioned causes originally created. And first we are to consider the secret of the magic influence that imitation possesses. Of this influence Aristotle assigns this reason: that the acquisition of knowledge is pleasant not only to professed admirers of learning, but also to mankind in general, only that they partake it in a smaller degree. Now the cause of the pleasure that is derived from the representations, is, that the spectator can learn and reason on the nature of each object, and observe the likeness between the original and the picture.

This idea is just and profound; but perhaps we may yet go a little further, by ascribing to *imagination* something of what our author here attributes to *reason* alone. In fact, all imitations agreeably exercise our imagination, which is a faculty of representing absent objects as present; and it always pleases us to compare the images which are offered by art, with those which we already have treasured in our minds. If the images are well executed, we receive the pleasure of admiration; if ill, we have the at least equal satisfaction of censure. By this theory we also avoid an inconvenience into which Aristotle is brought by a supposition that we have never seen the object which is represented: here, of course, the pleasure cannot arise from the taste of imitation, for the imitation of an object never seen by the beholder of the imitation, is to that beholder, no longer an imitation but an original. From this inconvenience Aristotle is obliged to extricate himself, by ascribing the pleasure to the merits of execution or colouring, or some other similar cause; whereas by attributing a part of the pleasure to *imagination*, he would gain a master-key that at once could open all the reservoirs, from which pleasure may be supposed to spring. Besides, the observance of likeness does not appear to be, *literally speaking*, a work of *reason*, so much as of *imagination*.

It only remains for us now to remark on the causes which first produced, and have since perpetuated the taste of rhythm; and probably it arises from that *love of regularity* which appears to be so natural to man; which induces him to prefer a certain and expected recurrence of particular words or actions to the wild and irregular coincidencies which chance may produce. The ear is gratified by its prophetic feeling of approaching *harmony*; and becomes perfectly prepared for the reception of sounds, which, if single and unexpected, would probably be almost always inharmonious, and puzzle instead of delighting the sense. It is to this *love of harmony* alone that Aristotle ascribes the taste of rhythm; and though the *love of harmony* be the great principle which actuates us in the formation of that taste, yet we cannot but believe that the *convenience of regularity* has also some share in our passion for rhythm.

What Laharpe and other critics have been able to add to the original Greek, serves not to depreciate, but to exalt the Stagyrite; for to have opened and even substantially paved the way to criticism must appear to the candid critic and to the grateful poet, a work deserving the admiration and the thanks, not the cavils and the censures of posterity. Of his treatise on the Poetic may justly be urged what he himself declared concerning another of his great works, his Logic, "It has cost me a great deal of time and a great deal of labour: I am therefore entitled to indulgencies for what I may have omitted, and to gratitude for what I have discovered."

HORATIUS.

ADELROSA DI VALMONTE.

AN ITALIAN TALE.

Lost in a convent's solitary gloom,
There stern religion quench'd th' unwilling flame. POPE.

ADELROSA was descended from one of the noblest families of Tuscany. Her mother had long been dead, but her father, the Marchese di Valmonte, amply supplied the deficiency, and was at once a vigilant guardian and an affectionate friend. Nature had bestowed on Adelrosa every grace both of mind and person: education had rendered her almost faultless. She had hardly attained her eighteenth year, when Mr. Bentinck, an English gentleman, who was strongly recommended to the Marchese, became an inmate of the palazzo di Valmonte. This gentleman was no less elegant and accomplished than Adelrosa, and a mutual affection had taken root in the hearts of both before they were conscious of it. Mortimer Bentinck, however, soon feeling his happiness entirely dependent on Adelrosa, acquainted her with his passion, entreating her permission to endeavour to obtain the concurrence of the Marchese. Adelrosa, then first sensible of her love, owned that she returned his passion, and hastily retired. Scarcely had she left him, when the pleasure she had just felt was converted into grief, for she recollected the difference of religion. She had been educated in the Roman Catholic persuasion, and she would have thought it a crime even to listen to any arguments against it. On the other hand she knew that Mortimer was no less firmly attached to the Protestant religion; and if he were to promise that both should continue the form of worship of their own country, what should she not endure at the thought of bestowing her affections on one whom her religion commanded her to believe would be eternally wretched? Shuddering at the prospect of parting from her lover, and feeling that all her earthly happiness was wrapped up in him, she resolved to consecrate her life to the exercise of that religion to which she was so inviolably attached, and, quitting Italy, to take the veil at the convent of St. Clair in Languedoc. With trembling steps she sought her father, and imparted her sorrows to him. He strove to combat her resolution, but, finding her immovably fixed, he consented to assist her in escaping; since if she openly left the palazzo, it would be impossible to avoid a parting with Bentinck. Not without extreme grief did her father think of losing her, yet his affection overpowered his regret, and he yielded to her entreaties. She therefore determined to escape the following night, when there was to be a masked ball at the palazzo, and trusting her design to her confessor, who applauded her heroic resolution, she prevailed on him to promise that he would wait for her at the extremity of the gardens with a carriage, to conduct her to Leghorn, secure her passage to Marseilles, whence she might easily reach the convent, and himself return to his monastery before break of day. The following night Adelrosa habited herself as a Savoyard peasant, hoping in that dress to escape observation. When the appointed hour arrived, she hastened to the end of the gardens, and there found the monk waiting her approach. When she entered the carriage she gave way to a violent burst of tears, which, after a time, subsided into a deep melancholy. They reached Leghorn in the course of three hours, and in one more Adelrosa, still in the habit of a peasant, found herself on board a vessel bound for Marseilles. When she was missed at the palazzo, the grief of Mortimer was unbounded, and the Marchese, though inwardly applauding his daughter's firmness, so deeply felt the loss of her constant attention and tender love, that he fell into a deep melancholy, which in a short time terminated his existence. He first, however, enjoined Mortimer, who with a son's affection waited on him in his last moments, to return to England, and endeavour to forget Adelrosa. He determined to devote a year to the search of her, and if his enquiries proved fruitless, to return at the end of that period to his native country. He executed this design, and failing in his search, went back to England. In the mean time Adelrosa had taken the veil, and even the consciousness of doing her duty could not save her from the horrors attendant on the prospect of spending the remainder of her existence in hopeless solitude. A long and mournful space of time had elapsed without the slightest variation in her monotonous life, when a novice, who was the following day to take the veil, seemed to promise some alleviation of her state. Adelrosa was young, and still eminently beautiful; but regret for her Mortimer had blighted

the rose of her cheek, and illness had worn almost to a skeleton her once perfect form. Her health daily declined, and at times her intellects seemed disordered by her sorrow. The evening preceding the day when the novice was to bury herself in a cloister, Adelrosa sat at her window mournfully watching the waves of the Mediterranean tipped with the red light of the setting sun. "As these waters," said she, "are now sparkling with radiance, so were my prospects once enlivened by hope; but all is past." Here Adelrosa paused and wept. She recalled to her mind her sad destiny, and felt no comfort but from the hope that Mortimer still cherished her memory, and was constant to her idea, though the reality was lost to him for ever. She continued wrapt in mournful reverie till she was summoned to vespers. When she returned to her cell, she tried to sleep, but an unusual gloom oppress her, a painful presentiment of she knew not what misfortune. Morning came, and she repaired with the nuns to the chapel. Before the ceremony began, while the spectators were beginning to assemble near the altar, the choral song was raised. Adelrosa's voice, marked by mild yet sweet sadness, was higher than the rest, and she was prolonging a note of peculiar harmony, when a loud groan drew her attention to the strangers who were in the chapel. She uttered a loud shriek, and fell fainting into the arms of her companions. They carried her from the confined gallery where she then was, to the open part of the chapel, and Mortimer, for it was indeed he who had uttered the groan at the sound of Adelrosa's voice, and whose appearance had caused her swoon, rushed from the place where he was standing, and in the most frantic terms implored her to awake. She opened her eyes, and turning them on Mortimer, faintly uttered, "Farewell! Since you are constant, I die content! Farewell!" then sank into his arms and expired. "Ah! no, my love," exclaimed the distracted Mortimer, "I am not constant!" He said no more, but rushing wildly from the chapel, flew to his lodging, and firing one of his travelling pistols at his head, sunk lifeless on the ground. He had married on his return to England an amiable and beautiful woman, whom he esteemed, though he still in secret loved none but Adelrosa. Her idea perpetually haunted him, and he had come abroad with his wife, ostensibly for the purpose of recovering his health, but really with the faint, and scarcely to himself confest, hope, of meeting by accident with his Adelrosa.

Thus perished, by an untimely fate, Adelrosa di Valmonte, the sacrifice of enthusiasm, and Mortimer Bentinck, the unfortunate but criminal victim of romantic affection.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BEAU MONDE.

Sir,

I TAKE the liberty to offer you a few remarks on the second number of "Classic Tales," and more particularly on the lively and humorous engraving, from a painting by Wilkie, with which it is embellished. The scene described is the club-room of a party of "*choice spirits*," at the unhappy moment when the landlord enters to acquaint the company, that the reckoning is drunk out. The print will not fail to remind many of Hogarth's exquisite picture of Modern Midnight Conversation, and indeed the subject is precisely the same: but it would be injustice to Mr. Wilkie not to observe, that his piece, far from being a copy of Hogarth's ideas, is equally original and spirited. This young artist possesses in a very uncommon degree the faculty of giving life and character to his personages, and telling his story in a natural and simple way. The print before me, which I understand is the first that has been engraved from his pencil, is certainly a very pleasing and promising specimen of his manner.

Mr. Hunt concludes his number with an essay on the writings and genius of Brooke, the author of *Gustavus Vasa*, and the *Fool of Quality*, in which the following remarks appear to me sensible and judicious. "A little digression will be allowed me in mentioning the philosophical poem of *Universal Beauty*, because it is the undoubted forerunner of a style which has lately amazed our age. This poem undertakes to explain the economy of the universe, and to instruct us in the nature of astronomy, physics, anatomy, and most branches of natural philosophy; so that one end is certainly gained at the very outset, for if the author had otherwise failed in amusing, his plan was sufficiently ludicrous. It is the nature of true poetry to produce an instantaneous effect, its beauties are immediately acknowledged,

and its flight followed with enthusiasm; but it is the nature of science to require cold study and calculation, to be read and re-read before it is understood, and to be received in its best explanations with a doubtful caution. An union between two species of writing so essentially different is inconsistent and monstrous, and natural philosophy becomes almost as improper a subject for verse as geometry or arithmetic. Whenever the philosophical poets, from Lucretius down to Blackmore, who was imitated by Brooke, who was copied by Darwin, have attempted to enter into the minutenesses of their subject, they have invariably become constrained, and generally unintelligible. Thus the episodes of Lucretius, which are the least scientific, are indisputably the most poetical part of his work. But it is impossible at the same time to instruct in minute science, and to amuse with brilliant fancies: Blackmore, who has been so long ridiculous with injustice because he wrote bombast, and with injustice because he despised the profligacy of contemporary poets, has nevertheless produced a philosophical poem on Creation, infinitely superior to the scholastic vagaries of Brooke and Darwin, merely because he generalised his subject, and was less attached to those abstract terms of science which render his successors unintelligible; he could no longer indeed pretend to instruct scientifically, but then this pretension in others hindered them from delighting poetically: thus it is an established fact, that physics and poetry cannot unite without injury to each other."

I heartily concur in the foregoing observations, which seem to me the production of a vigorous and sensible critic.

By inserting this in a page not better occupied, you will oblige, Sir,

Your's, &c. L. R. A.

Inner Temple, Jan. 15, 1807.

ANECDOTES, &c. &c.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE PRINCE OF WALES, AND OF HIS PRESENT MAJESTY.

GOUPEE, an excellent artist, was in high favour with the late Prince of Wales, and he used almost daily to attend his Royal Highness to paint on such subjects as he should dictate. One morning upon Goupee's arrival at Leicester-house, a subject was given him;—but Goupee perceiving Prince George, his present Majesty, a prisoner behind a chair, took the liberty humbly to represent to his Royal patron, how impossible it was for him to sit down to execute his Royal Highness's commands with spirit, while the Prince was standing, and under his Royal displeasure.—"Come out then, George," said the good-humoured Prince, "Goupee has released you."

When Goupee was eighty-four years of age, and very infirm and poor, he had, in addition to his own necessities, a mad woman to nurse and maintain when old, who had been the object of a tender affection when young; he was therefore induced to put himself often in the King's sight at Kensington, where he lived. At length, happily for Goupee, he attracted the King's notice, who stopped his coach, and called out, "How do you do, Goupee?" After some other questions, the King asked him if he had enough to live upon? "Little enough, indeed," answered the decayed artist, "and, as I once took your Majesty out of prison, I hope you will not suffer me to go into one in my old age." His Majesty, very sensibly touched with this affecting appeal to his generosity, was graciously pleased to order Goupee a guinea a week for his life, which, however, he enjoyed but for a few weeks, dying soon afterwards. Goupee was a man of tender feelings; when suddenly informed of the death of Frederick Prince of Wales, he was so affected with the melancholy intelligence that he broke a blood vessel, and it was not before a considerable time that he recovered from the shock he sustained on the loss of his Royal patron.

MR. FOX.

Faire sans dire, the motto of the family of Fox, was very inapplicable to the late illustrious orator of that name, who was undoubtedly one of the most able and eloquent speakers that ever appeared within the walls of a British House of Commons; had it been altered to *Dire sans faire*, it would have been more suitable to the statesman, whose long and unremitting opposition in Parliament produced no other fruits to the nation than a conviction of the wisdom and efficacy of his counsels when it was too late to profit by them.

Dr. Moore, in his View of Society and Manners in France, &c. introduces an unfortunate friend who had lost half his estate by a fatal at-

tachment to play, but who was then vowing reformation, and resolving never more to tempt the fickle goddess. While the Doctor is endeavouring to strengthen these good resolutions, he is interrupted by one of his inseparable companions, a professed gamester, who attempts to ridicule all his arguments, and particularly the idea of being *ruined*. 'That,' says he, 'is only being in the same situation with some of the most fashionable people in the nation.' Then enumerating many instances of those who lived as well as the wealthiest men in England, while every body pronounced them ruined, he adds—'There is Charles Fox, a man *completely ruined*; yet beloved by his friends, and admired by his country as much as ever.'—'To this fine reasoning,' says the Doctor, 'I replied, that if nobody had been influenced by that gentleman's example, except those who possessed his genius, his turn for play would never have hurt one man in the kingdom; but that those who owed their importance solely to their fortune, ought not to risk it so wantonly as he might do, whose fortune had always been of little importance, when compared with his abilities; and, since they could not imitate Mr. Fox in the things for which he was justly applauded, they ought not to follow his example in those for which he was so justly condemned; since the same fire which burns a piece of wood to ashes can only melt a guinea, which still retains its intrinsic value, *although his Majesty's countenance no longer shines upon it.*"

FATHER PAUL.

It is not perhaps generally known that Father Paul's History of the Council of Trent was first published in London in 1619, under the fictitious name of Pietro Soave Polano, and dedicated to James I. by Antonio de Dominis, archbishop of Spalato, who speaks of the concealed author as his intimate friend, who had entrusted him with a manuscript, on which his modesty set a trifling value, but which it seemed proper to bestow on the world even without his consent. The mystery concerning the publication of this noble work, which it is well known Dr. Johnson had at one time an intention of translating, has never been thoroughly cleared up, and various conjectures respecting it have been reported by authors of considerable reputation. It has even been said that James I. had some share in the composition of the book. If he had, it was probably in forming the name Pietro Soave Polano, which is meant as an anagram of Paolo Sarpi Veneziano, and the only part of the book which bears any analogy to the style and taste of that monarch. Father Paul was soon supposed to be the real author of the work. The Prince of Condé, on a visit to his cloister, expressly asked him if he were so; to which he modestly replied that it was well known at Rome who had written it. He did not enjoy many years afterwards the reputation arising from this masterly production. In 1623 a fever occasioned his death, which was even more exemplary and sublime than his life itself. He prepared himself for his approaching dissolution with the most devout composure, and, as the liberty of his country was the darling object of his exalted mind, he prayed for its preservation with his last breath, in the two celebrated words *Esto Perpetua*:

And while the shadows on his eyelids hung,
Be it immortal! trembled on his tongue.

AUGUSTUS II. OF POLAND AND GENERAL KIOW.

Augustus II. King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, one of the most gallant and generous Princes of Europe, was particularly fond of passing his evenings in company with some veterans, who had served under him in the war with Charles XII. of Sweden. General Kiow, an old officer who had been the companion of Augustus in many of his dangerous exploits, had but a very small fortune of his own, and no place of any great emolument in the King's service. The General, therefore, very naturally wished that some vacancy might occur, which would procure him the government of a castle, or some appointment at a distance from the Court.

It happened that General Diesbach, governor of Konigstein castle, deemed impregnable from its situation, died suddenly, and the messenger who brought the news, meeting General Kiow in the avenues of the palace, informed him of the event. Kiow gave the man some money, and desired him to conceal the news for three hours, to which the messenger assented. Kiow went to pass the evening as usual with the King, who was uncommonly gay, and proposed that the company should play at questions and commands. When it came to General Kiow's turn to command, he said that he wished to be King only five minutes. "I grant your request," said his Majesty, "provided you make no ill use of my favour." "No, none, I promise," said the General, "that will affect any person but myself." The King then, changing places with Kiow, was thus addressed by him in the supposed character of majesty:

"My good General Kiow, you have long and faithfully served me; you wish to retire and live in peace; I therefore make you governor of Konigstein castle."

Having finished, he made a low reverence to

the King, and took his former seat. The King, with infinite good humour, asked Kiow how he came to pitch on a government, whose governor was not only living, but hearty and well" "That is no difficulty," said Kiow, "provided my petition has not displeased your Majesty." "Not in the least," rejoined the King, "I give you the place on his demise." "Then I am at present governor," cried Kiow. This was instantly verified by sending for the messenger, and the King was highly pleased with the General's ingenuity.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

BALLADS AND LYRICAL PIECES.

BY WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

THE author of a poem so popular as the Lay of the Last Minstrel, would naturally find it extremely easy to dispose of any work to which he should chuse to attach his name; and we fear that this was the sole consideration which induced him to publish such a compilation as the present discreditable volume. When the reader has paid his money, and sate comfortably down in his great chair to regale himself with his dish of tea and his new book, what is his mortification and disappointment, to find by the advertisement prefixed to the volume, that he has nothing before him but the old ballads that were published in the Tales of Wonder and the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border? ballads which, if he have a bookcase, he probably possesses; which, if he only subscribe to a circulating library, he has probably been induced to read, and which, if he have judgment, he probably, after having read, has in many instances condemned. We can compare this disappointment only to that of the unfortunate butcher in the Arabian Nights, who, after receiving from a magician what he fancies to be gold, is thunderstruck to find it no more than a bunch of leaves.

There is no poet of the present time whom we feel ourselves so little inclined to pardon in his literary errors as Mr. Scott; because, with a genius that might have improved and honoured his time, he has written works which have injured and degraded it. Nature every now and then sows in his brain some poetical idea: but before that idea can spring to its proper height, affectation is suffered to seize its stem, and divert it from its upright growth. All the quaintness of antient times is called in to mar an elegant conception; as if Mr. Scott were afraid that his brilliancy would be too dazzling for his readers, unless he cast a veil before it to soften its brightness. But this danger is so unskilfully obviated, that instead of a small alloy, mixed with a large proportion of pure gold, Mr. Scott comes to us "*enveloped in a night of clouds*," and illuminated but partially by merits which his genius strikes out in spite of his worse judgment, and which serve only to make the darkness more dreadfully visible. However, if the mischief stopped here, we might condemn where condemnation is extorted, and admire where admiration is deserved: but the great evil is the example which a man of Mr. Scott's genius holds out to poets of less capacity, who can contrive to imitate his faults, without ever equalling his beauties. When Horace looked pale, the Roman youths thought fit to dose themselves with cummin-seed, that they might be taken for poets; and since Mr. Scott writes obsolete English and incorrect metre, every trumpery versifier leaps back into the language of the fifteenth century, and thinks he rivals Mr. Scott, because he has caught and diffused the same errors. Language, as well as society, has its dawn and progress in civilization; and perverse indeed seems to be that taste, which prefers the uncultivated roughness, discord, and redundancy of travelling harpers, to the smooth diction, regular metre, and pruned expression of authors who have treated poetical diction as a science, and acquired immortality to themselves, by immortalizing the language in which they have written. Mr. Scott seems a kind of poetical Godwin, and calls upon the public to submit to a state of barbarism, by way of arriving at perfection. But to us, this system of Parnassian Hottentotism is most exceedingly odious; and we cannot help thinking it rather unfair, that after a language has for cen-

turies been toiling uphill, and exalting itself to a distinguished rank, it should on a sudden be dashed from its proud eminence, and plunged once more into the mire from which it originally emerged.

Mr. Scott has already collected in this kingdom an immense faction, whom the harp of his *Last Minstrel* has animated to a most indiscriminate Quixotism in defence of the new-born monsters of poetry. To the Lay of the Last Minstrel we are most happy in paying that tribute of admiration which its beauties merit; but we cannot help conceiving that the fame it has acquired has been far too high for its deserts. That its author is a man of genius, it is easy to perceive, but it is rather a genius of sweetness and elegance than of strength and sublimity: and even this sweetness and this elegance are most ungracefully disguised by the slovenly dress in which they are cloathed. This is not a proper place to point out the individual defects of that poem; but we have thought it right to mention our general opinion of it, both because almost all that applies to the Lay of the Last Minstrel applies to these Ballads, and because we wish our readers, before they proceed any further, to have fair warning, of the temper in which we commence our review of the poems before us.

The first of these poems is Glenfinlas, or Lord Ronald's Coronach, which, among the Tales of Wonder, seemed to many deserving of applause, and, even without such an advantage of contrast, appears to have considerable merit. Yet it abounds with faults, which are infinitely discreditable to the author's *schoolmaster*; and which, if a foreigner were to read them as the production of an admired author, would give him a very unfavourable idea of English precision in style. The poet, in the following ten lines, which he intends as an apostrophe to the deceased Lord Ronald, uses the pronoun by which he designates that unfortunate nobleman in no less than three varieties, two of number, and one of person.

O young from great Macgillianore,
The chief that never feared a foe,
How matchless was *thy* broad claymore,
How deadly *thine* unerring bow!

Well can the Saxon widows tell
How, on the Teith's resounding shore,
The boldest Lowland warriors fell,
As down from Lenny's pass you bore.

But o'er *his* hills, on festal day,
How blazed *Lord Ronald's* beltane-tree;
&c.

A few lines after, (for the rhyme's sake, we suppose,) he says:

As, with a minstrel's fire *the while*,
He wak'd his harp's harmonious sound.

But the verse on which we have no doubt Mr. Scott most proudly plumes himself, is,

O so it fell, that on a day,
To rouse the red deer from their den,
The chiefs have ta'en their distant way,
And scour'd the deep Glenfinlas' glen.

"Once upon a time," say old nurses when they commence a fairy tale, "there lived a "prince who was very fond of hunting." This sentence comprises the principal point of the present story: the remainder of it is, that a friend of Ronald, named Moy, is come to spend a few days at Ronald's hunting-box: Ronald in his cups feels an inclination for female society; and in spite of the remonstrances of Moy, who is so fortunate to be gifted with second sight, goes in quest of two ladies, whom he supposes to be hunting in the same glen. Soon after his departure, while Moy is sitting alone by the fire-side, a huntress enters, who states herself to be one of the aforesaid ladies, but whom Moy detects to be a spirit. The spirit showers down Lord Ronald's head and some blood, with a broken arm or two, about poor Moy's ears; and then angrily withdraws.

In the course of this very ridiculous history, several good lines are to be found, some indeed borrowed, but others original and poetical.—When the fiend has begun her *eclaircissement* with Moy, the latter answers in a few lines which strongly remind us of Gray's Descent of Odin:

Not thine a race of mortal blood,
Nor old Glengyle's pretended line;
Thy dame, the Lady of the Flood,
Thy sire, the Monarch of the Mine.

He muttered thrice St. Oran's rhyme,
And thrice St. Fillan's powerful prayer;
Then turned him to the Eastern clime,
And sternly shook his coal-black hair.

Gray writes:

No boding maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor prophetess of good,
But mother of the giant-brood!

Facing to the Northern clime,
Thrice he traced the Runic rhyme,
Thrice pronounced, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead.
&c.

The following lines are pretty:

Soft fell the night, the sky was calm,
When three successive days had flown;

And summer mist, in dewy balm
Steep'd heathy bank, and mossy stone.

Those which afterwards appear on the same subject of the weather, are beautiful in their idea, but injured by their want of precision in style: for the author deviates from the present tense, which always paints objects with the greatest and most immediate vigour, and without any temptation but that of the rhyme, adopts an imperfect.

Rain *beats*, hail *rattles*, whirlwinds *tear*,
The slender hut in fragments *flew*:
But not a lock of Moy's loose hair
Was waved by wind, or wet by dew.

The Eve of St. John, which is next in order, is one of the best of the ghost-stories; but it has a great deal of the worst matter of the old English ballads. For instance:

Come thou hither, my little foot-page,
Come hither to my knee;
Though thou art young, and tender of age,
I think thou art true to me.

This kind of stanza we maintain to be inferior to Johnson's burlesque lines, even taking them, for argument sake, seriously. Johnson says,

I put my hand upon my head,
And walk'd into the Strand,
And there I met another man,
Whose hat was in his hand.

Surely the information contained in this stanza is quite as material to the reader as the tautologous form of words, in which the Baron is made to call his foot-boy; a boy whose only *extraordinary characteristic* appears to be his joint possession of those two rarely compatible qualities, youth, and tenderness of age. Putting then the *sense* of the two stanzas upon an equality, which we think a proceeding hardly just to Dr. Johnson, the *versification* will be the only point left for us to consider; and the ear of any man will tell him that Johnson's street walker speaks true measured verse; but that a line like

Come thou hither, my little foot page,

can be reconciled to no principles of metrical composition, and relished by no reader, except perhaps one or two who may have been born deaf. Just of the same description are these lines:

And I'll chain the blood-hound, and the warder
shall not sound,
And rushes shall be strewed on the stair.
So by the black rood-stone, and by holy St. John,
I conjure thee, my love, to be there.

The metre is perpetually mangled in exactly the same way throughout the whole poem, and, we are sorry to say, throughout almost all Mr. Scott's poems. An Italian improvisatore would have been ashamed to *speak* so unmetrically: and a gentleman-poet, who is founding a new school, should hardly content himself with writing no better than a professional rhymer can *speak*.

Cadyow Castle is a ballad such as ballads ought to be. The pedantries of ignorance, for there is a pedantry even in ignorance, are for the most part abandoned; and we have an account of rude manners, written in language which is not rude. If Mr. Scott were aware how much more effective his poetry becomes, when good imagery is cloathed in good English, he would certainly shake off the barbarian taste which has infected him. He has probably been led by his course of reading, to admire many beauties in the ancient poetry, and has failed to distinguish the causes which have produced the effects that he applauds. The operation of those causes is unquestionably retarded rather than promoted, by poverty of expression. It is extremely natural that the association between simple manners and rude diction, should strongly press on the mind of Mr. Scott; but as he has thrown it aside in writing the poem of Cadyow Castle, he has proved himself capable of composing a beautiful poem in beautiful language, and deserves hereafter no mercy when he arrives at a good object by evil means, and drives his reader through a flood of barbarism and disorder to a poetical idea.

The story of the ballad is founded on a historical fact; which gives to the whole composition an air of interest that by no means exists in a Mother-Goose-tale of Wonder. The remains of Cadyow castle, the antient baronial residence of the family of Hamilton, are situated on the precipitous banks of the river Evan. It was dismantled in the conclusion of the civil wars, during the reign of Mary, to whose cause the Hamiltons devoted themselves with a generous zeal. From this castle the Hamiltons are supposed to issue to the chace; and their chief, James, Earl of Arran and Duke of Chatelherault, receives from Lord Claud of Paisley, an account of the mode in which the Regent Murray has been slain by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh. This intelligence is shortly confirmed by the arrival of Bothwellhaugh himself, who announces the deliverance of Scotland, the most joyful of all news to the patriotic Hamiltons. The poem, consisting chiefly in narrative related by the personages of the ballad, is of course by no means dramatic in its effect; but it is entire, intelligible,

and poetical. Dr. Robertson informs us that Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh had been condemned to death soon after the battle of Langside, and owed his life to the regent's clemency. But part of his estate had been bestowed on one of the regent's favourites, who seized his house and turned out his wife, naked, in a cold night, into the open fields, where, before next morning, she became furiously mad. Hamilton vowed revenge against the regent, and his kinsmen applauded his enterprize. It was an age when the most desperate vengeance was not held unjustifiable. He waited at Linlithgow for Murray, who was to pass through that town in his way from Stirling to Edinburgh. "He took his stand in a wooden "gallery which had a window towards the street; "spread a feather-bed on the floor, to hinder the "noise of his feet from being heard; hung up "a black cloth behind him, that his shadow "might not be observed from without; and, "after all this preparation, calmly expected the "regent's approach, who had lodged, during "the night, in a house not far distant. Some "indistinct information of the danger which "threatened him had been conveyed to the re-"gent, and he paid so much regard to it, that "he resolved to return by the same gate through "which he had entered, and to fetch a compass "round the town. But as the crowd about the "gate was great, and he himself unacquainted "with fear, he proceeded directly along the "street; and the throng of people obliging him "to move very slowly, gave the assassin time "to take so true an aim, that he shot him, with "a single bullet, through the lower part of his "belly, and killed the horse of a gentleman, "who rode on his other side. His followers in-"stantly endeavoured to break into the house "whence the blow had come; but they found "the door strongly barricadoed, and, before it "could be forced open, Hamilton had mounted "a fleet horse, which stood ready for him at a "back passage, and was got far beyond their "reach. The regent died the same night of "his wound."

History of Scotland, Book V.

Bothwellhaugh rode straight to Hamilton, and was received in triumph by his kinsmen.

This poem is addressed to Lady Anne Hamilton; and Mr. Scott's address to her Ladyship has a poetical magic, truly worthy of his genius.

For thou, from scenes of courtly pride,
From pleasure's lighter scenes, canst turn,
To draw oblivion's pall aside,
And mark the long-forgotten urn.

Then, noble maid! at thy command,
Again the crumbled walls shall rise!
Lo! as on Evan's banks we stand,
The past returns—the present flies.—

Where with the rock's wood-cover'd side
Were blended late the ruins green,
Rise turrets in fantastic pride,
And feudal banners flaunt between.

Where the rude torrent's brawling course
Was shagged with thorn and tangling sloe,
The ashlar buttress braves its force,
And ramparts frown in battled row.

But even this poem, with all its general elegance of structure, is not exempt from carelessnesses of style and grammar, and from some few antique pedantries. A singular substantive is *not usually* joined to a plural verb, as in the following instance:

'Tis night—the *shade* of keep and spire
Obscurely *dance* on Evan's stream.

To rouse deer from their haunts is a common expression: but to rouse the haunts themselves is not so properly a poetical licence, as a poet's licentiousness:

From the thick copse the roebucks bound,
The starting red deer scuds the plain,
For the hoarse bugle's warrior sound
Has roused their mountain haunts again.

Dight was by old authors used as a participle for dressed or prepared; but we have not been able to discover it in any writer even of early times, employed as a verb, though Mr. Scott ventures to say,

Where yeomen *dight* the woodland cheer.

Mr. Scott has found out that the word *selle* was used for saddle, in the sixteenth century; and he cannot resist the temptation of introducing it into a poem composed in the nineteenth; he says,

From gory *selle*, and reeling steed,
Sprang the fierce horseman with a bound.

By the bye, the imperfect of the verb to spring, is *sprang*: *sprung* is the participle past. So Mr. Scott perpetually writes rung for rang, &c. &c.

Bothwellhaugh, after relating his adventure, thus spiritedly concludes:

Then speed thee, noble Chatelrault!
Spread to the wind thy bannered tree!
Each warrior bend his Clydesdale bow!—
Murray is fallen, and Scotland free.

The story being finished, the fairy scene of past times is withdrawn from the eye of the reader, and the poet's wand restores to the Castle of Cadyow the ruined appearance, from which for a little while it was rescued.

But see! the minstrel vision fails—
The glimmering spears are seen no more;
The shouts of war die on the gales,
Or sink in Evan's lonely roar.

For the loud bugle pealing high,
The blackbird whistles down the vale,
And sunk in ivied ruins lie
The banner'd tow'rs of Evandale.

The Grey Brother, which next follows, we should have taken for a burlesque, if we had met it in a newspaper. The beginning of it made us laugh:

The Pope was saying the *high*, *high* mass,
All on Saint Peter's day,
With the power to him given, by the saints in heaven,
To wash men's sins away.

But this *extraordinary elevation* of the mass, and the *impressive* lines which compose the rest of the verse, appeared, we suppose, so inadequate to convey the idea of a Pontiff reading prayers, that the mass is yet farther *epithetized*, and its uses still farther explained, in the following stanza:

The Pope *he* was saying the *blessed* mass,
And the people kneeled around,
And from each man's soul his sins did pass
As he kissed the holy ground.

What is this second stanza but an unnecessary repetition of the first? If Mr. Scott had not acquired a high reputation, we should have thought such a poem as this Grey Brother completely beneath our notice. We flatter ourselves, however, that Mr. Scott begins to see the error of his ways, because he has left the Grey Brother a fragment; he may have been so much offended in his *taste* by this random sally of his *imagination*, that he perhaps threw aside his half-finished papers, in just indignation and contempt. Yet we cannot leave the poem without pointing out to our readers these two lines; the first they may take either for *poetry* or *pun*:

Sweet are thy paths, O *passing* sweet!

The second they may take for metre if they can scan it:

Now Christ thee save, said the Grey Brother.

Thomas the Rhymer is a ballad in three parts, without much to instruct or entertain: abounding with Mr. Scott's usual faults, and rarely enlivened by any of his beauties; in the latter class may, however, be ranked the passage where he describes Thomas reciting his verses in a manner which no subsequent bard could catch:

In numbers high, the witching tale
The prophet poured along,
No after bard might e'er prevail
These numbers to prolong.

Yet fragments of the lofty strain
Float down the tide of years,
As, buoyant on the stormy main,
A parted wreck appears.

The Fire-King was one of the best tales in Mr. Lewis's collection: the story of it has more interest than is usually found in terrific tales. Count Albert, a warrior in the Holy Land, for love of the Soldan's daughter, deserted his religion, and became a Pagan: he was gifted by the Fire-King with a magic sword, with which he was destined to conquer till he bent to the cross, and adored the Virgin. He attacked King Baldwin, whose red-cross shield would have been of little avail, had not a page stepped before his Majesty and cleft Count Albert's turban. The Count bent before the cross, and unwittingly exclaimed, *Bonne grace, Notre dame.* The virtue of the sword was no more! But the Count with one fatal blow felled the page, whose helmet rolling off, discovered the lifeless features of Rosalie, a lady who, having been attached to Albert in his native country, was come to the Holy Land in quest of him. Albert was instantly slain by the Templars. The picture of the catastrophe is forcibly painted:

He clenched his set teeth and his gauntletted hand;
He stretched, with one buffet, that Page on the strand;
As back from the stripling the broken casque rolled,
You might see the blue eyes, and the ringlets of gold.

Short time had Count Albert in horror to stare
On those death-swimming eye-balls and blood-clotted hair;
For down came the Templars, like Cedron in flood,
And dyed their long lances in Saracen blood.

The Saracens, Curdmans, and Ishmaelites yield,
To the scallop, the saltier, and the crosletted shield;
And the eagles were gorged with the infidel dead,
From Bethsaida's fountains to Naphthali's head.

The battle is o'er on Bethsaida's plain—
Oh! who is yon Paynim lies stretched mid the slain?
And who is yon Page lying cold at his knee?
Oh, who but Count Albert and fair Rosalie!

This poem, however, is not exempt from the absurdities of the terrific poets. For instance the following lines, in which a Palmer acquaints Rosalie with Albert's confinement, have all the namby-pamby of the antient ballad writers, and all the strained allusion of the modern wonder-mongers.

O Lady, fair Lady, the tree *green it grows;*
O Lady, fair Lady, the stream *pure it flows;*
Your castle stands strong and your hopes soar on high,
But *Lady, fair Lady,* all *blossoms* to die.

The green boughs they wither, the thunder-bolt falls,
It leaves of your castle but levin-scorched walls;
The pure stream runs muddy, the gay hope is gone;
Count Albert is prisoner on Mount Lebanon.

A *stream* and a *castle, blossoming* to die, is a figure which has at least the merit of novelty. The general idea of the passage is taken from Burger's Blandina.

Frederick and Alice is every way unworthy of notice. The tale of the Wild Huntsman is told with much spirit. It is an imitation of a poem written by Burger; and is founded on a story of a spectre huntsman, which is even now believed throughout Germany. The Erl-King is only a new translation of a silly ballad of Goethe, which has been heard with terror by children, and sung at musical parties by young ladies. The new translation is not better than the old one; we only wonder that any body should have thought it worth translating at all. Mr. Scott here favours us with one of his usual unmetrical lines:

O father! my father! and did you not hear
The Erl-King whisper so close in my ear?—

The War-song of the Edinburgh Light Dragoons is a common-place ode, such as those that appear in newspapers at the breaking out of a war. The Norman Horseshoe is a poem which takes two and thirty lines to say nothing: and the Maid of Foro is scarcely equal to the Young Henry of Dibdin, or the Victory Song of Cherry. The Dying Bard, however, contains some poetical lines; and so does the concluding poem, which is a dirge on a young man, who perished by losing his way on the mountain Helvellyn.

The following stanzas appear to us extremely pathetic, though the third line is unmeaning:

Dark green was that spot mid the brown mountain heather,
Where the Pilgrim of nature lay stretched in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For faithful in death his mute favourite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber,
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start,
How many long days and long nights didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?

There is, however, in the syllabic arrangement of this poem, a metrical fault, which we cannot permit ourselves to overlook. The lines of this metre should be composed of twelve syllables each: but there are instances in which it may consist of eleven, or of thirteen. But these variations are never allowable except where the syllables will fall into the harmony of the verse. Now as the verse is composed of trisyllabic feet, each formed by a long syllable placed between two short ones, as in the word *rĕpāntăng*, no usual syllable can be omitted, and no additional one introduced, either at the beginning or at the end of a line, if such syllable on the one hand shorten the amphibrachys, or foot which we have described, into a dissyllable, or on the other hand enlarge it into a quadrisyllable. To bring one line within eleven syllables by ending it with a single rhyme, or long syllable, such as *chī l* in the succeeding example, is allowable when the next line is made to begin with two short syllables, one of which of course is additional, and intended to balance the deficiency of the foregoing line. But where the line consists of thirteen syllables, and ends with a double rhyme of one long and one short syllable, such as the word *Ē'ĭn*, the preceding line must begin with only one short, like the second line in the following example:

There came to | the beach a | poor Exile | of Erin |
| The dew on | his thin robe | was heavy | and chill

For | his country | he sighed when | at twilight | repairing |
| To wander | alone by | the wind-bea | ten hill. |

In this example the first line is a perfect verse of twelve syllables; the second consists of eleven; the third of thirteen; and the fourth of eleven. The foot at the end of the second line is not completed in that line; but the harmony is preserved, though one of the syllables is carried into the third line. It is to be observed that as the last syllable in the concluding line of a stanza must always be a long one, such concluding line can never consist of thirteen.

Not so carefully writes Mr. Scott:

When | a Prince to | the fate of | the peasant | has yielded |
| The tapestry | waves dark round | the dim ligh | ted hall, |
| With scutcheons | of silver | the coffin | is shielded |

The second of these lines is an instance of the use of the verse of eleven syllables; but such a use is not strictly justifiable, because the last foot is incomplete, having only the two syllables, *-ted hall.* If the line which follows it began with the additional short syllable, as does the third line in the former example, the foot would be complete. The other fault on which we have to animadvert, is the reverse of this; for instead of a foot too short by a syllable, we have a foot too long by a syllable.

| How many | long days and | long nights didst | thou number |
| Ere he faded | before thee, | the friend of | thy heart? |

Here the additional syllable *Ere* is introduced, which, as the measure of the line preceding it is full, spoils the harmony of the whole, forming a quadri-syllabic foot, *Ere he faded,* which is totally discordant from the melody. These observations will apply equally well, if the reader chuse to consider each line as composed of the feet called anapæsts, such as the word *unadorn'd.*

We now take our leave of Mr. Scott. We have been particularly minute in pointing out his faults, because we think them in many places the faults of intention. In spite of our critical coolness, we frequently admire him, because he is frequently admirable in spite of himself. We shall admire him still more, if he ever lays aside the worst of all affectation, the affectation of simplicity, and the worst of all systems, the contempt of system.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE REQUISITE CULTIVATION AND PRESENT STATE OF THE ARTS OF DESIGN IN ENGLAND.

BY PRINCE HOARE.

THIS inquiry is a fresh instance of that discontent which is perpetually, and not unjustly, exhibited by all who are connected with the Fine Arts, whenever they have occasion to mention the neglect under which those arts at present labour. But Mr. Hoare comes before us with this conspicuous advantage over the generality of complainants, that while they usually do little more than investigate the causes of the evil, he has directed his inquiry to the removal of it.

The work is divided into three parts: the first treats of the advantages arising from the cultivation of the Arts, and of the methods most conducive to their advancement: the second, of the establishment, design, progress, and annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy of Arts: and the third, of the powers of English genius, conducive to excellence in the Arts.

The Fine Arts of which Mr. Hoare has spoken, he has thought fit to denominate the Plastic Arts, "because that term," says he, "although "strictly expressing modelling only, has been "rendered familiar to the public ear by modern "use, as applicable both to painting and sculpture." He has not comprized under the same title the sister art of Architecture; for he considers Painting and Sculpture superior to that art, on account of the power which they, in common with Poetry, possess over the human passions; and it is in this respect that their intellectual dignity consists. "The essential direction of "architecture is utility, and, as it advances, it "enters the provinces of beauty. But the essential aim of painting and sculpture is beauty, "and it is in their advance only that they enter "the province of public utility."

In the general principles that Mr. Hoare lays down, we, for the most part, agree: but we can-

not acquit him of the usual partiality that authors feel for the subject they have selected. We are inclined to estimate painting among the noblest of human pursuits; but we are scarcely willing to admit it to a perfect equality with poetry. But our author in his chapter on the influence which the arts possess over the morals of a nation, asserts that "the most exalted ends to "which the works of the best poets aspire, of "ruling the imagination, of expanding the affections, improving the heart, inflaming at once "and regulating devotion, are equally the aim "and equally within the reach of painting." He adds, that "no instance can be adduced, in "which the effect produced by either of them "would not be increased by the simultaneous "adhibition of one or both of the others." That *poetry* and *music* are closely connected, is evident from the almost universal conjunction in which they have been employed. Both sublime verses and inspiring melodies invade the imagination by the ears, and by mutual assistance pass more smoothly through that inlet of the brain than either alone. But *painting* addresses itself to another sense, the eye: and we fear that the joint exercises of the two organs, the ear and the eye, would injure the unity of the idea that ought to be presented. Poetry may be in some degree serviceable to painting, in explaining the action intended to be represented: but this service is not rendered by poetry, in its character of a fine art, for prose would answer the same purpose as well, or better. Music would not answer it at all: for music affects the passions by a progression and transition of sound; painting affects them by a *coup d'œil*. But painting on the other hand cannot render any service to poetry or music: for the sublimest efforts of the latter science present ideas, many of which are metaphysical, and many indefinite. Few ideas belonging to either of these classes can be clearly conveyed by painting. Mr. Hoare not only speaks with too great enthusiasm of the effects which painting produces on his own mind, but also exaggerates the influence which that art may possess on the taste and morals of a people: for he supposes that the crowd, who surround a shop where licentious prints are sold, would be drawn away from the amusement of gazing, if an opposite window displayed superior objects. But it is not the love of painting that attracts the mob; it is the love of the gross and the ridiculous. This always exists most strongly in ignorant minds, and it does not follow, as Mr. Hoare would make us believe, that if ignorant men should prefer a caricature to a print of Salvator Rosa, they must necessarily be "destitute of "every noble sentiment which they have so "conspicuously displayed in the present inte-"resting moments of our political state." Painting is an art of which it is so difficult to form a proper judgment, that the vulgar will never be brought to relish its productions as they do those of poetry and music. Besides, both of these, in many of their modifications, affect the passions even of the mob: but painting scarcely ever produces the smallest effect on their feelings, and affords them pleasure only inasmuch as it presents the similitude of an object they have seen before.

It is not for the vulgar that exertions are to be made in the fine arts. For their general security, and even comfort, it is the duty of the legislator to provide; but their pleasures can never be properly furnished either by the government or by a private individual. Before they can fully enjoy the fine arts as fine arts, it is necessary that they shall be brought to a much higher civilization than they have yet attained in this country. It is the middling class of society for whom the legislature ought to interest itself, because that class, while it is sufficiently numerous to possess importance, is also sufficiently informed to judge with taste. For these persons Mr. Hoare has proposed several advantageous plans: and he has inserted a letter from Mr. Opie, which first suggested the scheme that was afterwards presented to His Majesty, for the erection of a Dome, or Gallery of British Honour. In that letter Mr. Opie, with the enthusiasm so natural to a man of genius, points out the splendid effects which would result from such an undertaking, and at the same time, with all the judgment and modesty that distinguish a man of sense, declares the modifications of his scheme, points out the reasons which have induced him to prefer it to the old idea of a column or a statue, and suggests the manner in which it may be rendered most advantageous. Mr. Hoare enumerates other public works to which the ambition of painters and sculptors should be roused by the legislature, who might render "halls, churches, and palaces, the re-"ceptacles of historic, religious, and moral re-"cords." Such a direction of genius would also excite the dormant taste of individuals: and noblemen, he seems to think, would wish, instead of covering their walls with unmeaning portraits, to enrol on the canvas hangings of their mansions "some generous act, some brave exploit, some "deed of piety or wisdom, performed by the "founders of their own race and honours." These ordinances of national works, aided by the spirit of private persons, would provide a sufficient employment for artists: and in order to make the professors more able, while the profession is extended, he proposes to institute at the

universities a professorship, with as many scholarships as may be deemed requisite. The students in painting might thus derive great advantages of miscellaneous learning, inasmuch as they would associate with those destined for other branches of art or science, and of course imbibe general notions of all such branches. "Previous "to this period of education," says he, "the "means of elementary study and practice may "be furnished at the academy; from whose "schools, greatly enlarged beyond their present "state, youths might be sent, as they are from "other schools, to either of the universities, in "order, by farther studies in their appropriate "class, to acquire their respective professional "degrees; after which the provision already "made by the academy for their travels into "Italy might take effect, and would then bear "the highest promise of utility."

These two important points, an ordinance of national works, and a provision for the means of study, are upon the whole considered with much ability and judgment; but we blame Mr. Hoare for giving a priority to the provision for students: this, he says, is first necessary, and the object of next importance is an ordinance of great national works. But we conceive that if the subjects and rewards were provided by the nation, artists would provide themselves—not that we wish to discourage Mr. Hoare's plan of education: but that, theoretically speaking, we conceive that wherever there is a field for genius, genius will spontaneously arise. Until such a field has been opened we cannot hope for the display of much genius in the imaginative departments of the arts; for who that can earn a certain reward by portrait painting, will waste his time in composing historical works, for which it is almost insanity to hope reward, and for which the prize even of admiration is uncertain? Desperate, indeed, is the present state of the arts, if we may believe what Mr. Hoare relates in a note, that a late collector declared he would on no account suffer the introduction of any work of our modern school into his collection, by whatever artist it might be painted.

Nor do we agree with Mr. Hoare in the opinion that engraving is decidedly advantageous to painting: for though engraving may contribute to diffuse universally some general notions of the beauties of painting, yet on the other hand the great ease and cheapness with which every work may now be multiplied, prevents the liberality of encouragement which would otherwise be bestowed on painters themselves. As long as the works of genius are scarce, which without the help of engraving they needs must be, so long those works will be highly valued, and their authors constantly employed and fairly rewarded. But when an unlimited number of copies can in a few hours be produced, the work itself ceases to bear the same exalted value; and if a room is to be adorned with the productions of art, the engraver is called in to share the profits which would otherwise be heaped on the painter alone.

The second division of the work renders a faithful and interesting account of the establishment and annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy. From a consideration of the excellence which those exhibitions have often displayed, Mr. Hoare is induced to form a comparison between the painters of our own day and those so pompously puffed by auctioneers, which is by no means disadvantageous to the former: and he then proceeds to his third division, in which he treats of the powers of English genius conducive "to excellence in the arts." This title is a little confused; and excepting the remarks on the criticisms of foreign writers, in which their absurd assertions have been fairly stated and ably overthrown, we cannot bestow much praise on this department of the book. There is a good deal of flatness and common-place in all this division, particularly where the author speaks of Shakspears as a painter.

"Shakspeare," says Mr. Hoare, "seems to "have equally participated the genius of either "art (poetry and painting), and to have shewn "an intention of displaying the mental pow-"ers of both. Look at the structure of his "dramas! a species of composition most direct-"ly corresponding with the art of the painter. "He has, indeed, clothed his scenes with words "—and words

> "Of such sweet breath composed
> "As made the things more rich."

"But of him it may be safely said—and it can "be said of very few, and those the greatest "dramatists—that, if his scenes were to pass "before the spectator in dumb shew, many, if "not most of them, would be in a very "effectual degree expressive of the mind of the "author."

We do not deny the general assertion that Shakspeare had the imagination of a painter: we, unlike Mr. Hoare, conceive that all men, who are really worthy the name of poets, have such an imagination. But we think Mr. Hoare most extremely unfortunate in his particular inductions. We will now give an instance which he thinks peculiarly calculated to demonstrate that Shakspeare's dumb show poetry is exquisite painting.

It is the dream of Queen Catherine in Henry the Eighth. Mr. Hoare says:—

"Let us read the account of his design in the "language in which the heads of the scene are "quaintly couched, in the usual editions of his "works. Catherine is supposed to be fallen "gently asleep, to sad and solemn music, when "she is greeted by the following

VISION.

"Enter solemnly, one after another, six per-"sonages, clad in white robes, wearing on their "heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on "their faces, branches of bays or palm in their "hands. They first congee to her, then dance, "and at certain changes the two first hold a "spare garland over her head, at which the other "four make *reverend* curtsies. Then the two "that held the garland deliver the same to the "other next two, who observe the same order "in their changes, and holding the garland over "her head: which done, they deliver the same "garland to the last two, who likewise observe "the same order. At which, as it were by in-"spiration, she makes in her sleep signs of re-"joicing, and holds up her hands to heaven. "And so, in their dancing, they vanish, carrying "the garland with them."

This vision, we have no doubt, was contrived by Shakspeare, merely in complaisance to the vulgar, whose taste required something of dance and show. For when we consider the scene *poetically*, (and we use that adverb with respect both to the dramatist and the painter) for what purpose is the repetition of the dance and coronation prescribed to each couple? Surely it would have been *poetically* sufficient to perform the ceremony once: but the mob were to be amused. And, after all, there is nothing very striking in the conception of bright forms presenting a garland: it is the established idea, which is always made use of by people who wish to express celestial glory. How must Mr. Hoare be delighted by the Pilgrim's Progress, when the vision of Queen Catherine can rouse him to the following panegyric?

"Although this description is certainly far "from adequate to the poet's idea, as expressed "in Queen Catherine's speech a few minutes "after her awaking, when she inquires of her "attendants,

"——Saw ye not a blessed troop,
"Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
"Cast thousand beams upon me, like the Sun!"

"yet it will hardly be disputed that it conveys "a sufficient idea of one of the *most magnifi-*"*cently graceful and interesting scenes of pan-*"*tomime that have ever been exhibited on any* "*stage.*"

This whole passage Steevens calls a *whimsical stage direction*: and Malone does not believe that Shakspeare wrote it at all. The most remarkable expression of the whole, solemnly *tripping*, Mr. Hoare omits.

He has however drawn a parallel between the graplin powers of the minds of Milton and Akenside, with great truth and force.

The sketch of the present State of the Arts of Design in England, with which our author concludes this work, is little more than a dictionary of the names of painters, sculptors, architects, and engravers, which may be very interesting to artists, but will afford little amusement to readers in general.

Many parts of this work are written in a loose and vulgar style; and we find repeated instances of a fault which is little pardonable in any author, who speaks in the spirit of a painter, we mean, the confusion of metaphor. How would it be possible to express on canvas a metaphorical sentence, which should begin with one similitude, and end with another? The following passage is not a little affected, and strikes us more particularly from the intolerable confusion of metaphorical phraseology:

"Oh! never may it be said, oh! never may "the awful record be wafted along the stream of "ages, that while sparks of *individual lustre* broke "forth beneath the stroke of accident, sufficient "to ascertain intrinsic value, the hand of power "disdained or neglected to *polish* the *precious* "*ore.*" Does accident often strike *sparks* from *precious ore?* And what is a spark of *individual lustre?* Is this expression made use of by way of contradistinction to *lustre* in the *aggregate?*

In another place, speaking of portraiture and the subordinate branches of design, he observes, that in that channel the Arts cannot make much farther progress. "It is," says he, "a narrow "river, whose banks have all been explored and "occupied, and if it does not finally open into "some great ocean, Genius, like a wearied na-"vigator, must be content to relinquish hope, "to take shelter in his narrow cell and watch "the lapse of ages in silence and obscurity." It may be natural for a wearied navigator to relinquish hope; but we never heard that it was one of the characteristics to *take shelter in a narrow cell and watch the lapse of ages in silence and obscurity.*

When describing the probable destiny of a great genius, if such a one were in these days to arise, he asks, "what would be the fate of such "a *ray* of graplin genius in the present *unripened*

"state of English art." How a want of *ripeness* can influence the fate of a *ray*, it is difficult to comprehend. He thus finishes the paragraph: "It "would dazzle for a day, as it ever must; would "be assailed by critics from its first dawn on "the horizon, idolized by connoisseurs, gazed "at, talked of, followed in crowds by the pub- "lic, and then left, alike by all, to the events "of chance or destiny." Now what distinction does Mr. Hoare mean to lay down between *chance* and *destiny*? A metaphysician may make a distinction; but a metaphysician would comprise in the term destiny all events, whether produced by the design of man, or by what is commonly called chance. This Mr. Hoare does not seem to intend; for he puts both chance and destiny in opposition to human design, and in such a sense they both mean the same thing.

Upon the whole, we consider the present work rather as an useful collection of hints, than as a treatise which, in a literary point of view, is likely to obtain much honour for its author. Yet it would be unjust to deny that there are several acute remarks, and some passages which display considerable powers of imagination: and as the work contains but little which is technical, we cannot hesitate in recommending it to such of our readers as may be desirous of gaining, with little trouble to themselves, a general idea of the present state of the Arts in England.

HORATIUS.

POETRY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE SMILE AND THE TEAR.

SUNG BY BRAHAM IN THE NEW OPERA, FALSE ALARMS.

SAID a Smile to a Tear,
On the cheek of my dear,
And beam'd like the sun in spring weather;
In sooth, lovely Tear,
It strange must appear,
That we should be both here together.

I came from the heart,
A soft balm to impart,
To yonder sad daughter of grief:
And I, said the Smile,
That heart now beguile,
Since you gave the poor mourner relief.

Oh! then, said the Tear,
Sweet Smile, it is clear,
We are twins, and soft Pity our mother;
And how lovely that face
Which together we grace,
For the woe and the bliss of another!

THE FOUNDLING'S PETITION.

O YE! whom affluence crowns with ample wealth,
Whose cups with fortune's choicest gifts o'erflow;
Who pass a life of happiness and health,
Scarce known to sorrow, unalloy'd with woe:
Oh! if compassion ever warm'd your heart,
If pity's tear e'er glisten'd in your eye,
For mercy's sake some trifling boon impart,
Ere faint with hunger at your gate I die.

A wretched outcast thro' the world I roam,
Without a shelter for this uneasy head;
I claim no friend, no relative, no home,
Whilst the rough paths of human life I tread.

Few are the joys my youth has ever known,
My happiest hours are charg'd with many a sigh:
Yet still I dare the paths of vice disown,
The haunts of guilt I ever learnt to fly.

Fain would I labour, every sinew strain,
By honest toil the calls of want t'appease;
But whither shall Misfortune's child complain,
Press'd with the weight of sickness and disease?

No friendly hand restrains my wand'ring feet;
No happy object of paternal care;
I share no smiles that filial duty greet,
No father's blessing, and no mother's pray'r.

No care parental screen'd my infant years;
Offspring of woe! to me alone was giv'n,
To drink the bitter cup of sighs and tears,
No other hope, no other friend save Heav'n.

Deserted e'en by those who gave me birth,
Forlorn I stray, unpitied and unknown;

I beg my bread, a vagabond on earth,
Whilst pain and sorrow mark me for their own.

And when I'm summon'd by resistless death,
That kind relief from all my suff'rings here,
In no fond arms I yield my parting breath,
No friendly eye shall sorrow o'er my bier.

If then compassion ever warm'd your heart,
If pity's tear e'er glisten'd in your eye,
For mercy's sake some trifling boon impart,
Ere faint with hunger at your gate I die.

TO A SPRIG OF MYRTLE,

THAT WAS PRESENTED TO THE AUTHOR BY A FRIEND.

LIVE, little pledge (ah! sacred still to love),
Affection's grateful tenderness to share!
Th' unfading emblem of our friendship prove,
And bloom unchang'd thro' many a lengthen'd year.

Tho' Winter meet thee with her rudest storm,
Or April suns in fickle splendour shine,
Still shalt thou wear an amaranthine charm,
And Friendship's bright perennial hues be thine.

O! they shall give to many a lonely hour,
The charm of Summer, and the sweets of Spring;
The faded visions of delight restore,
And to the heart, a dearer season bring.

Soft as they twine round sorrow's barbed dart,
To make the winter of affliction gay,
Each trembling impulse of a grateful heart
Shall guard the flowers of long-forgotten May.

M. C.

THE KING OF THE CROCODILES.*

Now Woman why without your veil?
And wherefore do you look so pale?
And Woman why do you groan so sad,
And beat your breast as you were mad?

Oh! I have lost my darling boy
In whom my soul had all its joy,
And I for sorrow have torn my veil
And sorrow hath made my very heart pale.

Oh! I have lost my darling child,
And that's the loss that makes me wild,
He stoop'd to the river down to drink
And there was a Crocodile by the brink.

He did not venture in to swim,
He only stoop'd to drink at the brim,
But under the reeds the Crocodile lay
And struck with his tail and swept him away.

Now take me in your boat I pray
For down the river lies my way,
And me to the Reed-Island bring
For I will go to the Crocodile King.

The King of the Crocodiles never does wrong,
He has no tail so stiff and strong,
He has no tail to strike and slay,
But he has ears to hear what I say.

And to the King I will complain
How my poor child was wickedly slain,
The King of the Crocodiles he is good,
And I shall have the murderer's blood.

The man replied, no Woman no,
To the Island of Reeds I will not go,
I would not for any worldly thing
See the face of the Crocodile King.

Then lend me now your little boat,
And I will down the river float.
I tell thee that no worldly thing
Shall keep me from the Crocodile King.

The Woman she leapt into the boat,
And down the river alone did she float,
And fast with the stream the boat proceeds,
And now she is come to the Island of Reeds.

The King of the Crocodiles there was seen,
He sat upon the eggs of his Queen,
And all around a numerous rout
The young Prince Crocodiles crawl'd about.

The Woman shook every limb with fear,
As she to the Crocodile King came near,
For never man without fear and awe
The face of his Crocodile Majesty saw.

She fell upon her bended knee,
And said, O King have pity on me,
For I have lost my darling child,
And that's the loss that makes me wild.

A Crocodile eat him for his food,
Now let me have the murderer's blood,

* The people at Isna, in Upper Egypt, have a superstition concerning Crocodiles similar to that entertained in the West Indies; they say there is a King of them who resides near Isna, and who has ears but no tail; and he possesses an uncommon regal quality, that of doing no harm. Some are bold enough to assert that they have seen him. *Browne's Travels.*

Mr. Browne had probably forgotten one of our legal axioms, or he would not have conceived that the privilege of doing no wrong, was peculiar to this long-ear'd sovereign.

Let me have vengeance for my boy
The only thing that can give me joy.

I know that you, Sire! never do wrong,
You have no tail so stiff and strong,
You have no tail to strike and slay,
But you have ears to hear what I say.

You have done well, the King replies,
And fix'd on her his little eyes;
Good Woman, yes you have done right,
But you have not described me quite.

I have no tail to strike and slay,
And I have ears to hear what you say:
I have teeth moreover as you may see,
And I will make a meal of thee.

THE OAK OF OUR FATHERS.

Alas for the Oak of our Fathers that stood
In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood!

It grew and it flourish'd for many an age,
And many a tempest wreak'd on it its rage,
But when its strong branches were bent with the blast,
It struck its roots deeper and flourish'd more fast.

Its head tower'd high, and its branches spread round,
For its roots were struck deep and its heart it was sound;
The bees o'er its honey-dew'd foliage play'd,
And the beasts of the forest fed under its shade.

The Oak of our Fathers to Freedom was dear,
Its leaves were her crown, and its wood was her spear.
Alas for the Oak of our Fathers that stood
In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood!

There crept up an ivy and clung round the trunk,
It struck in its mouths and its juices it drunk;
The branches grew sickly deprived of their food,
And the Oak was no longer the pride of the wood.

The foresters saw and they gather'd around,
Its roots still were fast, and its heart still was sound;
They lopt off the boughs that so beautiful spread,
But the ivy they spared on its vitals that fed.

No longer the bees o'er its honey-dews play'd,
Nor the beasts of the forest fed under its shade;
Lopt and mangled the trunk in its ruin is seen,
A monument now what its beauty has been.

The Oak has received its incurable wound
They have loosened the roots, tho' the heart may be sound;
What the travellers at distance green-flourishing see,
Are the leaves of the ivy that ruined the tree.

Alas for the Oak of our Fathers that stood
In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood!

R. S.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE THEATRE.

DRURY-LANE.

THE same dearth of novelty still prevailing at both the Winter Theatres since the date of our last article, much trouble will be spared us in our Theatrical Disquisition for this month. At this season of festivity and mirth, when pleasure is the word, and the only object is to pursue enjoyment through all its varieties, it might naturally be expected that managers would bring forth all their stores of attraction; the contrary, however, is exactly the case, they seem to have solely depended upon the general disposition of the public to pleasure, and in this instance they have not judged amiss; people appear to have made a determination to be satisfied with whatever is offered for their amusement, and the houses have been unusually well attended throughout the holidays. Indeed it has rarely happened that the theatres have reaped such a plentiful harvest with such little effort on their own parts to ensure it.

On Monday the 5th of January, previous to the Melo-drama of *Tekeli*, and the new Pantomime, was revived the interesting little Drama, called *The Point of Honour*. This piece, which is altered from the French and adapted to our stage by Mr. C. Kemble, reflects great credit to his abilities for the elegance and fidelity of the translation. Independent of a few overstrained speeches, approaching to bombast, and a slight tincture of the German school, which pervades the whole,

(a fault solely imputable to the author) the incidents are so well imagined, and interesting, that it must always remain a favourite on the stage. An officer being obliged by the stern severity of military discipline to attend the execution of his own son for desertion, presents a situation replete with pathos and deeply affecting; and must necessarily excite corresponding emotions in the breast of every one. The play has ample justice done it in the performance. Elliston's *Durimel* is manly, spirited, and affecting, and the stiff sententiousness of Barrymore gives great effect to the formality and stateliness of the old General Officer. It has been occasionally performed several times to very good houses.

On the following evening Mr. Elliston undertook the character of *Douglas*. This is one among several characters in which this gentleman has thought proper to appear to the injury of his dramatic repute. In almost every particular Mr. E. is naturally and physically unfitted to represent the youthful *Norval*. His deep and solemn intonation, added to the firmly knitted and muscular appearance of his limbs, convey no idea of the youthful voice and yet unsettled form of an half grown stripling. His conception of the part is undoubtedly correct, but the mere language of declamation soon fatigues the mind, where no care is taken to preserve the illusion of the scene.

On Monday, the 12th, was performed, for the first time, a Comic Opera, in three acts, intitled "*False Alarms, or My Cousin*," from the successful pen of Mr. Kenny, author of *Raising the Wind* and *Matrimony*. The characters and outline of the Fable are as follows:

Sir Damon Gayland, -	Mr. Wroughton.
Edgar Gayland. - -	Mr. Braham.
Tom Surfeit, - - -	Mr. Bannister.
Old Plod, - - - -	Mr. Matthews.
Lieutenant M'Lary, -	Mr. Johnstone.
Gabriel, - - -	Mr. Penley.
Grinvelt, - - -	Mr. Wewitzer.
Bumper, - - -	Mr. Dignum.
Waiters, Servants, &c.	
Lady Gayland, - -	Mrs. Mountain.
Caroline Sedley, - -	Miss Duncan.
Emily, - - -	Mrs. Bland.
Miss Umbrage, - -	Miss Pope.
Susan, - - -	Signora Storace.

Sir Damon Gayland, who has recently taken *Lady G.* for his second wife, and for whom he really has more regard than he is aware of, is infatuated with the silly pride of exciting his wife's jealousy, and of acquiring the character of a man of gallantry. It appears that he has been in habits of correspondence with an incognita with whom he became acquainted at a private masquerade, but to whose person he is kept a stranger. The jealous apprehensions of *Lady G.* are relieved by the arrival of *Caroline Sedley*, an old school-fellow *Caroline* declares herself to be the cause of *Sir Damon's* alienation, relates their meeting at the masquerade, and that accidentally discovering in the person of her gallant the husband of her quondam friend, she had been induced to humour the intrigue in the hopes of avenging the wrongs of *Lady Gayland*, and of effecting *Sir Damon's* reformation. To promote this design she has obtained a letter of introduction to *Sir Damon* under the assumed disguise of Captain Bronze, and in this character she affects such an easy impudent freedom with *Sir D.'s* house, servants, and above all with his wife, that the man of gallantry is confounded, his jealousy is roused, and he determines to hurry his wife into the country from such a dangerous intruder. This is the signal for *Lady G.* she refuses to accompany him, accuses *Sir D.* of infidelity, confounds him by producing his correspondence with the incognita, and peremptorily insists upon a separation. To increase his confusion, a letter arrives from the fictitious *Rosalinda*, stating that she is at hand, and can no longer endure the suspense of their mutual passion. The false Captain, to whom *Lady G.* appeals, pretends to recognize the hand writing of *Rosalinda* to be that of his cousin, and demands instant satisfaction from *Sir D.* for the insult offered to his family. *Sir D.* is overpowered with shame and penitence, and sues to *Lady G.* for forgiveness. In the mean time, *Edgar*, the son of *Sir Damon*, had arrived in pursuit of *Emily*, the ward of *Old Plod*, to whom he is attached contrary to the wishes of his father. After some of the usual difficulties he succeeds in eloping with the object of his wishes, and *Sir D.'s* forgiveness is obtained by *Lady G.* as the price of their reconciliation. A further interest arises out of the character of *Tom Surfeit* and *Lieut. M'Lary*. These two are rival candidates for the hand of *Caroline Sedley*. The former, however, who is originally of mean birth, has five thousand pounds left him by an uncle, which he quickly squanders away, and forms the design of running away with the rich ward of *Old Plod*. After much equivoque, in the course of which his duplicity is detected and exposed in all quarters, he is dismissed with ridicule, and the mirthful *Caroline* rewards with her hand the brave and deserving *M'Lary*.

From the above slender materials Mr. Kenny has constructed a piece, which, we are sorry to observe, falls very short of our expectations, and

will contribute nothing to an increase of his literary reputation. There is, indeed, not one feature of originality throughout the whole plot, and the principal characters have already met the public eye in various productions. *Sir Damon* and *Lady Gayland* are the *Sir Bashful* and *Lady Constant* of "*The Way to keep Him.*" *Old Plod*, whose only humour consists in a continual reiteration of "not by no means," is a mixture of *Old Doyley*, *Mr. Deputy Bull*, *Lord Duberly*, &c. The satirical novel of "Old Nick" appears to have furnished the idea of *Miss Umbrage*, who passes for a *learned lady*; and *Tom Surfeit*, in whom, and *Caroline Sedley*, the whole humour of the piece is concentrated, is the fac-simile of his own *Jeremy Diddler*. We are not, however, disposed to call in question an author's right to *steal from himself*, it is at *worst* an *harmless privilege*, and may surely be allowed. Mr. K. seems to be particularly attached to this description of character, and he is certainly not unsuccessful in the delineation. Independent, however, of a want of novelty this piece possesses many pleasing requisites, which insured it, at first, a favourable reception, and continue to render it an object of considerable attraction.

The dialogue of the two first acts is maintained with great spirit and repartee; indeed *point* and equivoque appear to have been more the author's intention than diversity of incident, or intricacy of design. In this he has succeeded tolerably well; there are many good points, and it is totally free from those disgusting clap-trap sentences with which the town has been so dreadfully surfeited by some of our modern dramatists. The songs in general possess greater merit than those in most of our modern operas. There is, however, one of *Old Plod's* which is badly written, and worse sung by Matthews, and excited the only symptoms of disapprobation that were evinced throughout the representation. We are surprised that among the curtailments which have been judiciously made since the first night, the author's good sense has not induced him to reject this; the piece is sufficiently long without it, and the composition is *not by no means* creditable to his talents. Both the humour and interest decrease materially in the third act; but the excellence of the airs carried it through without opposition.

The music, which is the joint composition of Braham and King, though perhaps not equal to some of the former productions of either of these composers, possesses great sweetness and variety. The song of the "*Smile and the Tear*," which is the best in the piece, is in Braham's happiest style of composition, and he accompanies himself on the grand piano forte with great science and execution.—The duet in the first scene, between Miss Duncan and Mrs. Bland, that between Mrs. Mountain and Storace, beginning "*By the sad sighs of woe*," both of which are by King, and the duet of Braham and Storace in the same act, are entitled to very considerable praise. To the exertions of the performers in general the success of the opera may be in a great measure attributed, nor do we recollect for several years one that has been more strongly cast; with the exception of Elliston, it comprises the whole strength of the house.—Of Miss Duncan's performance we cannot speak in too high terms of commendation, and she perfectly astonished the audience by a display of vocal powers, which they were ignorant she possessed to so eminent a degree. She had previously given undeniable proofs of the sweetness of her voice in some occasional songs, but the taste and judgment with which she executes the simple melody of "*The North breeze blew keenly*," and bears her part in the several duets and trios allotted to her character, at once establish her fame as a singer of very superior talents.—Her performance is extremely spirited and lively, and she wears her regimentals with a becoming and manly freedom.—Indeed, every *new* character in which this valuable actress appears, serves but to discover some *new* excellence, and raise her higher in the public estimation. Bannister's comic powers are so well known to every one in this town, that it were a mere waste of words to say more than that he plays *Tom Surfeit* with all his genuine richness of humour. Wroughton, Penley, and Wewitzer, severally exerted themselves to the utmost of their powers, and gave great effect to their characters.—Matthews was *tolerable*, in a scarcely tolerable part.—We mention not out of any disrespect to this performer, of whom, in common with the whole town, we think highly; he certainly does as much, and perhaps more than any other man in his line, for a character so poorly imagined; but it is a general matter of reproach against those to whom the management of the theatre is delegated, that in order to strengthen the cast of a new piece, first-rate performers should, at the hazard of their reputation, be thus thrust into parts unworthy their abilities.—Mrs. Mountain seems not to feel quite at home in *Lady Gayland*; she, however, gives the airs with her accustomed sweetness.—Storace plays the pert chambermaid with too much impudence and assurance, and entirely forgets the distinction between the mistress and the servant. —Johnstone fills up the faint outlines of an Irish Officer with his usual excellence. And here it

may be proper to notice a neglect of propriety in dress, which has frequently fallen under our observation, and is the more inexcusable, from the facility of its attainment. In so simple a thing as a suit of regimentals, it appears to us most strange and incomprehensible that actors will not pay greater attention to costume. Johnstone, who is a Lieutenant in the army, arrives at the town where the scene is laid in a stage-coach, and makes his appearance in the uniform of a *Brigade-Major*, without either sash, gorget, or sword, and continues in this ridiculous dress till the conclusion.—In like manner, Braham, who holds the same rank, wears a sort of non-descript dress, neither naval nor military, but between both; it is a blue coat, made in the present fashion of the day, with *two* epaulettes, ornamented in the front with narrow bars of silver lace, similar to the short jackets of the light dragoons, a hat without a feather, and, like the actor above-mentioned, with none of the other usual military appendages.—But we have another fault to find with Mr. Braham. What effect would it have, if, in the garden-scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, the actor representing the lover, instead of standing underneath the window, with his eyes intent upon his mistress, was impolitely to turn his back upon her, advance to the front of the stage, and address the speech, "Oh! that I were a glove," &c. to the *Juliets* of the pit?—Would not such an evident ignorance of his art draw down upon him the contempt and disapprobation of the audience? And yet Mr. B. is guilty of this solecism every night since the opera has appeared. In the first scene of the third act, where he serenades *Emily*, he stands close to the front lights of the stage, and sings the whole of the air with his eyes fixed upon the pit. One would suppose that he had been long enough in his profession to know better: and the only reason we can assign for it is, that he probably imagined the effect of the song might be lost if it proceeded from a more remote part of the stage; there is, however, no particular merit in the air to compensate for this gross violation of dramatic illusion.—These are monstrous errors, and require alteration; at all events it is the peculiar province of the stage manager not to suffer the ignorance or inattention of an actor to disgrace the stage with such glaring absurdities.—The opera, as we have before observed, was received with the utmost applause, and continues to be performed on each succeeding evening with increased success.

On the subsequent evening, after the above new opera, Miss Ray, for the first time on these boards, undertook the part of *Little Pickle*, in the farce of *The Spoiled Child*; and perhaps no character in the whole comic range of the drama has been more frequently selected by the tyros of the stage, to assert their claims to public favour. The great success, or superior excellence of individuals in a *particular* style, either of composition or of acting, never fail to raise up a tribe of imitators, from the apparent *ease* which they perceive in their model. Thus, the familiar, colloquial manner of Sterne, Prior, *et alia*, have caused innumerable *would-be* authors to inundate the town with a long catalogue of *sentimental journies*, *humorous tales*, *Pindaric odes*, &c. &c. without paying the least attention to the natural bent of their genius; and the graceful dignity of a Siddons or a Kemble, have induced the youthful candidates for dramatic fame, at once to start into view as a *Hamlet*, a *Richard*, a *Lady Macbeth*, or a *Belvidera*, in despite of whatever natural disqualifications they may possess.—It continually recurs upon the stage, that actors completely mistake what, to use a theatrical term, is called their *forte*. We need only, in exemplification of this, to call to the recollection of our readers, that Mr. Bannister, jun. made his first appearance as *Zaphná*, in the tragedy of *Mahomet*; and Lewis, whose idea of repeating blank verse is about upon a level, in point of correctness, with one of his scene-shifters, for a length of time was accustomed to play the young heroes' parts in tragedy, such as *Douglas*, *Romeo*, &c. —From the unrivalled pre-eminence which Mrs. Jordan has so long maintained in the ranks of comedy, she may be properly considered as the standard of the present school. Whatever parts she has rendered interesting by a grace, a spirit, a fascination peculiar to herself, have been alternately selected by young actresses who profess to make her an object of imitation, instead of endeavouring to establish an original manner of their own. To this cause probably may be attributed the failure of so many dramatic attempts. —The ease and native humour of a Jordan, as well as the transcendant powers of a Siddons, are intuitive gifts, and can neither be imparted nor acquired. When in our former number we felt ourselves obliged by our duty to the public, to point out the particular faults which destroyed much of the effect of Miss Ray's performance, we were led to hope, that her own good sense would induce her in future to make a selection of parts adapted better to her style of acting. Nor were we disappointed. Her present performance charmed and gratified us in a very high degree, as she evinced talents which assiduously cultivated, and under proper restriction, will render her a valuable acquisition to the theatre.—She is per-

fectly easy and unembarrassed in her action, and appears to possess one very material requisite, namely, a thorough knowledge of stage business. Her hoydenish manner is particularly well suited to the mischievous school-boy, and she gave to the character an arch yet chaste simplicity, which drew forth very general applause.—We cannot bestow a great portion of praise upon her vocal exertions; her voice, though possessed of some degree of sweetness, is not sufficiently powerful for so large a theatre, and we would recommend her not to sing the air "*Since then I'm doom'd*" any more without an accompaniment. Upon the whole, we augur very favourably from the talents she has already displayed. We think the *Country Girl*, *The Romp*, *Little Pickle*, &c. is her proper range, and have no hesitation to affirm that, in case of Mrs. Jordan's entire secession from the stage, an event which it is by no means improbable may shortly be expected, a strict application to her profession, will enable her to supply that actor's place in the line of characters we have pointed out, with infinite credit to herself, and satisfaction to the public.

Nothing of further interest has occurred at this theatre during the month; the new opera had been performed, with *Tekeli*, and the pantomime of the *Enchanters* alternately. This latter piece diminishes on each representation in point of attraction, and there is no doubt but it will be shortly laid aside.

COVENT GARDEN.

On the Monday following Christmas-day, after the tragedy of *George Barnwell*, was brought forward, according to annual custom, a new pantomime, called "*Harlequin and Mother Goose, or the Golden Egg*," *dished up* by those excellent *caterers* for the public appetite, Messrs. T. Dibdin and Farley, whose former articles of *dramatic cookery* have been so highly *relished* by all descriptions of play-frequenting people.—Although most of the *ingredients* composing this *olio* have previously feasted the palate of the town; yet they are in the present instance so well selected, and compounded with so much art, that the constant repetition of the *feast* produces no symptoms of a surfeit. In plain terms, this is the best contrived pantomime we remember to have seen for several years. The scenery, designed by Messrs. Phillips, Hollogan, Whitmore, &c. is novel, diversified, and pleasing, and the events follow each other in natural succession, and may be easily traced from the commencement to the conclusion.—The following is a sketch of the piece.

The first scene discovers the outside of *Squire Bugle's* mansion, which is situated by the side of a river, on which boats are passing to and fro, and numerous objects are perceived crossing a bridge at the extremity of the stage. After a storm, in which a rainbow is introduced with considerable effect, villagers arrive to celebrate the wedding of the fox-hunting Squire with *Colinette*, the daughter of an avaricious old man; she had been previously contracted to *Colin*, a country lad, but whom the old man afterwards rejects in consideration of this superior match.—*Avaro* then enters the stage, leading in his daughter, who expresses great reluctance; *Squire Bugle* advances to meet them, and some dumb shew takes place, in which she refuses to listen to his addresses, and makes signs to *Colin*, who is stationed at a window, upon which he descends, and they both intercede with the father, but in vain.—As they are all leaving the stage, *Mother Goose* is brought before the Squire, who is a Justice of the Peace, charged with being a witch—he orders her to the stocks, but *Colin*, who had petitioned for her without effect, rescues her, and suffers her to escape.—The next scene is a wood, in the midst of which is *Mother Goose's* habitation *Colin* enters, desponding for the loss of his mistress, when *Mother Goose* appears, and as a reward for the service he had rendered her, gives him a goose which is to lay the golden eggs.—Rejoiced at this, he hastens with his present to the old man's house, in hopes of obtaining his consent. The avarice of the old man is unable to withstand this temptation, and after some hesitation, agrees to the match, upon condition of the goose being immediately killed, to get at all the riches at once.—This proposal *Colin* for some time strenuously refuses to agree to, but the old man continues inflexible, and the voice of the Squire being heard at the door, despair at length induces the lover to make the sacrifice, and he is just going to put it into execution, when *Mother Goose* appears; reproaches him for his ingratitude; converts him into *Harlequin*; *Colinette*, *Squire Bugle*, and *Avaro*, into *Columbine*, the *Clown*, and *Pantaloon*, and dooms them to wander till the egg, which she casts into the sea, shall be produced to her by them.—The usual harlequinade evolutions then commence, during which the motley hero and his fair companion encounter a variety of laughable adventures, in endeavouring to elude their pursuers, and some surprising changes and feats of remarkable dexterity take place.—At length the good old witch relents, promises to restore them to their pristine form, unites the lovers, and the whole concludes with a splendid view of a submarine pavilion.

Among the many clever transformations effected by the all-powerful wand of *Harlequin*, the production of the three tables out of one,

with their elevation and descent, stands most conspicuous for ingenuity of contrivance.—The caricature dance between Bologna and Grimaldi is irresistibly farcical; the *somerset*, however, which the former takes over the back of the *Clown*, might without detriment be omitted, although he *probably* pays as much regard to delicacy as the nature of the exhibition will admit. Much praise is due to Mr. Ware, the composer, for the excellence of the accompaniments.—The song allotted to Master Smalley, though pleasing in itself, is not quite suited to his voice. This lad is gifted with considerable powers, and seems to make Incledon his model; he is, as may be expected, extremely aukward, and will require a great deal of *drilling* before he can become particularly useful.—We cannot dismiss this article without noticing the extraordinary merit of Grimaldi, the *Clown*.—In short, "take it all in all," the author, painter, composer, and machinist, have severally done their utmost to render the whole a pleasing assemblage of mirth, whim, and jocularity.

On the 8th, Cooke appeared in his favourite part of *Kitely* in Ben Jonson's admirable comedy of "*Every Man in his Humour*." Mr. Cooke's excellence in this character is so generally acknowledged, that it would be a sort of heresy in us to advance any opinion contrary to the public voice. Nor have we the least inclination to dispute his claim to pre-eminence in this particular. Never having had an opportunity of seeing Mr. Garrick, we can form no judgment of Mr. Cooke's comparative merit.—We do not, however, regard his delineation of the jealous husband as perfect in all its parts; indeed, none of this actor's performances are equal and entire.—He seizes on particular passages with an electric and irresistible force, while he sometimes passes through whole scenes with a tameness of manner, and even misconception of his author, which would disgrace a fourth-rate professor.—Many parts of his *Kitely* are, however, masterly and impressive, and in the scene with his wife, where he affects to laugh at the idea of his being jealous, his acting is almost beyond praise—This, with the exception of Munden's *Brainworm*, and Simmons's *Master Matthew*, which are chaste and natural, is the only performance possessing particular merit.—Mr. Liston has succeeded Mr. Knight in the part of *Master Stephen*; but has he also succeeded to that rich dryness and simplicity of humour which characterized that excellent original? Alas, no!—The water-gruel manner of Mr. L. whether from a fear of overcharging the part or not, has thrown a flatness or insipidity upon the whole character. Add to which, he is guilty of the unpardonable offence of "saying more than is set down for him." This is a villainous trick of several comedians, and "shews a pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it."—In some of our *modern* productions, perhaps this practice may be more allowable, and certainly less offensive to critical taste, where "each vacuity of sense" is supplied by the extemporaneous wit of the performer; but for an actor to intermix any of his base alloy with the sterling ore of Shakspeare or Jonson, is a species of literary adulteration which ought not to pass without severe reprehension.—Fawcett's *Bobadil* is any thing but what the author intended it should be; his manner is far too coarse, boisterous, and violent, and the braggadocio in his hands would not deceive even such a paper skull as *Master Matthew*.—Miss Brunton looked most bewitchingly in the old-fashioned dress; and as for *Dame Kitely*, Mrs. St. Ledger is a fine woman—and that's all!!

Want of room obliges us to defer our remarks on Mr. Kemble's masterly delineation of the *Moor* in the tragedy of the *Revenge*, which was represented on the 12th, and repeated on the 19th. Should, however, an opportunity occur, we shall offer to our readers some remarks on the performance in question, with a few critical observations upon the merits of the tragedy itself.

On the 14th was acted the *Wheel of Fortune*, but no more like the same play that was produced at Drury-Lane, "than I to Hercules." It is an old observation, that "comparisons are odious;" and certainly to compare the piece as it is now performed, or rather mangled, with the original cast of the play, were an odious task indeed.—Mr. Kemble seems to have lost all the spirit which he was accustomed to infuse into *Penruddock*—And how can it be otherwise?—No one but those acquainted with the profession of an actor, can have an adequate idea of the misery that attends a first-rate performer not being properly supported by the under characters.—Mr. C. Kemble is of course as good as ever; but all the humour of the testy old General is lost in the hands of Liston.—Miss Brunton's liveliness and vivacity is not ill adapted to some part of the character of *Emily Tempest*, but she does not possess any share of her delicacy and tenderness.

This theatre has produced nothing of further moment. The splendour and fascination of the scenery and music continue to render the *Tempest* attractive, notwithstanding the mutilated state in which it is represented.

KING'S THEATRE.

January the 11th. The fame of Madame Catalani again attracted a most brilliant audience to the opera of *La Semiramide*.—The theatre was thronged at an early hour, by nobility and amateurs of the first distinction.—In consequence, however, of her alledged indisposition, bills were posted up in the theatre, stating that she could not possibly appear that evening, and substituting the comic opera of "*Il Principe di Tarento*."—This disappointment was very severely felt; and from the rumours which had previously been in circulation respecting Madame C. and her husband, the intelligence was very unfavourably received, and excited in all parts of the house very general expressions of dissatisfaction.

The performances passed off very heavily.—Signora Perini evidently laboured under a severe cold, and merely *walked* through her part.—Numbers quitted the theatre during the first act; indeed a gloom prevailed throughout the evening, which neither the silver tones of Naldi, nor the fascinating graces of the Deshayes were able effectually to dispel.—On the following Monday an advertisement was inserted in the public papers, stating, that from the continued illness of Madame Catalani and Signora Perini, no performance could take place the ensuing evening, to which was subjoined the under-mentioned note:

"*Opera Office, Jan.* 12.

"I have official authority to state, that the report which has prevailed for some days past, intimating that Madame Catalani and her husband had been objects of suspicion to Government, is equally false, unfounded, and malicious.

(Signed) "MICHAEL KELLY,

"Acting Manager of the Opera-House."

From the first moment the report above alluded to reached our ears, we regarded it as a base and infamous calumny, and did not attach the least degree of credit to it, but were both astonished and concerned to find that it obtained such general belief in the most respectable circles. It gives us, however, the most sincere satisfaction to have it thus fully and unequivocally contradicted upon official authority. From what black and poisoned source this invidious report proceeded, we are at a loss to guess, nor is it worth enquiry. Our readers, no doubt, bear in memory many similar instances of unmerited detraction; no station is above, no virtue secure from it.

"Envy will merit like its shade pursue,
"And like a shadow proves the substance true."

So far from there being any solid ground for such a charge, we understand that Madame C. and her husband live together in the most perfect cordiality, and that her private character is as much above the reach of censure as her talents are beyond competition. The circumstance of his having formerly been an officer in the French service seems to have afforded the ground-work for this scandalous libel. The shafts of envy have, however, fallen hurtless to the ground, and leaving the calumniators to the enjoyment of all the *pleasure* they can derive from disappointed malice, we quit this ungrateful subject, under the conviction that Madame Catalani will continue to experience that countenance and support from a generous public which her beauty, talents, and general propriety of conduct are entitled to receive.

Madame C. did not resume her station till Saturday the 24th, when she performed *Semiramide* amidst the warmest greetings of an enraptured audience.

Signor Siboni and Signora Perini continue to improve upon every appearance. They are certainly not first-rate singers, but possess no inconsiderable share of scientific execution. Signor Siboni, however, is not sufficiently dignified, and there is a want of polish in his action, and a stiff manner, verging upon awkwardness, which it will be necessary for him to correct.

We hear of no further novelties at either of the two Winter Theatres than those we have already mentioned in the last number. Miss Lee's Comedy will be brought out at Drury previous to the end of this month, but we must defer our remarks on that, as well as on other things, till the next publication, on account of the time it is necessary for us to send this work to the press.

At the King's Theatre a new serious and comic Opera are in preparation and will be speedily produced. A grand Ballet, entitled "*Alzire*," has already made its appearance.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS

FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY, 1807.

PUBLIC EVENTS.

THE same anxious uncertainty with respect to the events on the Continent which prevailed during the preceding month, has also existed through the greater part of this. Flushed with his Prussian victory, Bonaparte, with his usual decision, instead of pursuing in person the defeated monarch of that kingdom, immediately turned his course towards Poland. To create for himself new resources by exciting insurrection among the Poles, was one of his avowed objects, in which, however, he does not appear to have been successful. It might have been imagined too, that to strike a blow against one of the advancing Russian armies was also necessarily in his contemplation. Reports, therefore, were in circulation of actions fought between the contending parties in the earlier days of December. They are now known, however, to have been without foundation. It will scarcely be necessary for us to detail the various statements contained in the Bulletins of the French. Yet it is from them alone that any thing like a *continued* account of the transactions in Poland can be collected. To them, however, implicit credit cannot, of course, be given. The last Bulletin is dated Warsaw, January 3. It appears that the Russian General Benningsen, having under his command an army estimated at 60,000 men, either from a wish to draw the French into the interior of the country, or because he thought it prudent to await the junction of a larger force, retreated slowly from Warsaw, which was afterwards entered by the French. The divisions of the French army then crossed the Vistula, and, amongst other places, possessed themselves of Praga. In the mean while Field Marshal Kamanskoy joined the Russian army at the same moment that Benningsen's corps formed a union with that under Buxhovden. Immediately after this union the French state that offensive operations were meditated by their enemy. The French, however, still pushed forward, and various skirmishes naturally took place. On the 26th of December an engagement of a more serious nature is said to have occurred. The Russians, at Pultusk and Galenum, are asserted to have sustained a severe defeat, and to have lost 12,000 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners, 80 pieces of cannon, and all their ammunition waggons. The French admit on their part the loss of 800 killed and 2000 wounded. We have already mentioned the date of the last Bulletin to be Warsaw, January the 3d. In none of these official communications is there a relation of any battle subsequent to that of the 26th of December: but it is remarkable that the safe retreat of the Russians is confessed to be unavoidable, and, it is further added, that the campaign being at an end, the French divisions are preparing to lodge themselves in their winter cantonments. Upon the face of this account there is certainly room for suspicion; it is, therefore, we are led to express our hope that our readers will meet with no disappointment if they give their full credence to the following note, which was circulated on Saturday amongst the friends of Government, and the truth of which there is at present no counteracting reason to misbelieve.

January 24, 1807.

"Intelligence has been received that an action was fought between the Russians and the French on the 27th of December last; which continued three successive days, and on the last of which the French retreated with the loss of 40,000 slain and 80 pieces of cannon. The scene of action was at Osterneke, 60 or 70 miles from Warsaw. The enemy made their retreat to within eight miles of that place, and were also entrenching themselves at Marienburgh."

We shall only add, that the probability of this event is much strengthened by the knowledge, through Berlin, that Bonaparte was expected in that city. It is supposed too that Austria is assuming a warlike and favourable attitude for the allies.

BUENOS AYRES.

The same fluctuating rumours which agitated the public mind in respect to the affairs of Poland, have also existed with regard to the fate of this place. We are sorry, however, to say, that the ultimate termination of the reports is unfortunately different from that which we trust will be found to be the just conclusion to be drawn from our Continental intelligence. Administration gave to the public an early intimation of the loss of Buenos Ayres, which afterwards, however, was judged to be premature. But

there is now no room for doubt. After a long and severe battle between the English and the Spaniards, the town was finally re-captured, part of the English killed and the remainder taken prisoners on the 12th of August. It further appears that the reinforcements from the Cape, upon their arrival, took possession of the town and batteries of Maldonado. From private letters received at Portsmouth, which seem, however, to be sufficiently authentic, it is said, that the Spaniards, in violation of positive articles of capitulation, immediately sent all their prisoners into the interior of the country. It is asserted also, that the fortress of Maldonado is so situated as to be capable of defence against almost any force.

A notice, dated January the 1st, was officially communicated to the public, that a Treaty of Amity, Navigation, and Commerce was signed on the 31st of December, 1806, between His Majesty and the United States of America. The terms of the treaty will not be published until the ratification of the parties shall have been mutually exchanged.

PAPERS,

RELATIVE TO THE NEGOTIATION WITH FRANCE, PRESENTED, BY HIS MAJESTY'S COMMAND, TO BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

THE limits of our work will only allow us to present our readers with a summary of these important State Documents, which form a pamphlet of considerable magnitude, consisting of fifty-seven different communications; but we trust our abridgement will be found to comprise all the essential points of the Negotiation, disencumbered of the diplomatic formalities which add to the bulk, without adding to the interest, of the correspondence.

No. I. *Letter from Mr. Secretary Fox to M. Talleyrand, dated Downing-street, 20th February, 1806.*

"SIR,

"I think it my duty, as an honest man, to communicate to you, as soon as possible, a very extraordinary circumstance which is come to my knowledge. The shortest way will be to relate to you the fact simply as it happened.

"A few days ago, a person informed me, that he was just arrived at Gravesend without a passport, requesting me at the same time to send him one, as he had very lately left Paris, and had something to communicate to me, which would give me satisfaction. I sent for him—he came to my house the following day. I received him alone in my closet; when, after some unimportant conversation, this villain had the audacity to tell me, that it was necessary for the tranquillity of all crowned heads to put to death the ruler of France; and that for this purpose a house had been hired at Passy, from which this detestable project could be carried into effect with certainty and without risk. I did not perfectly understand if it was to be done with a common musket, or by fire arms upon a new principle.

"I am not ashamed to confess to you, sir, who know me, that my confusion was extreme, in thus finding myself led into a conversation with an avowed assassin; I instantly ordered him to leave me, giving, at the same time, orders to the police officer who accompanied him, to send him out of the kingdom as soon as possible.

"After having more attentively reflected upon what I had done, I saw my error in having suffered him to depart without having previously informed you of the circumstance, and I ordered him to be detained.

"It is probable that all this is unfounded, and that the wretch had nothing more in view than to make himself of consequence, by promising what, according to his ideas, would afford me satisfaction.

"At all events, I thought it right to acquaint you with what had happened, before I sent him away. Our laws do not pemit us to detain him long; but he shall not be sent away till after you shall have had full time to take precautions against his attempts, supposing him still to entertain bad designs. I shall take care to have him landed at a sea-port as remote as possible from France.

"He calls himself here Guillet de la Geyrilliere, but I think it is a false name which he has assumed.

"At his first entrance, I did him the honour to believe him to be a spy.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) "C. J. FOX."

No. II. *M. Talleyrand's reply.*

"SIR, *Paris, 5th March, 1806.*

"I have laid your Excellency's letter before His Majesty. His first words, after having read it, were, *I recognize here the principles of honour and of virtue, by which Mr. Fox has ever been actuated. Thank him on my part.* I will not allow myself, sir, to add any thing to the expressions of his Imperial and Royal Majesty, I only request you to accept the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

(Signed) C. M. TALLEYRAND."

No. III. *Extract of a Letter from M. Talleyrand, of the date of the above.*

" It may be agreeable to you to receive news from this country. I send you the Emperor's speech to the Legislative Body. You will therein see that our wishes are still for peace. I do not ask what is the prevailing inclination with you; but if the advantages of peace are duly appreciated, you know upon what basis it may be discussed."

No. IV. *Extract from the Emperor's Speech to the Legislative Body on the 2d of March, 1806.*

" I desire peace with England. On my part, I shall never delay it for a moment. I shall always be ready to conclude it, taking for its basis the stipulations of the treaty of Amiens."

No. V. *Letter from Mr. Secretary Fox to M. Talleyrand, dated Downing-street, Mar. 26, 1806.*

In this letter, which may be considered as the ground-work of the subsequent communications between the two governments, Mr. Fox, with that manly simplicity and frankness which so eminently distinguished his public as well as private character, laid down as the true basis of a negotiation between two great powers, equally despising every idea of chicane, " that the object of both parties should be a peace honourable for both, *and for their respective allies*; and, at the same time, of a nature to secure, as far as is in their power, the future tranquillity of Europe.

" England cannot neglect the interests of any of her allies; and she is united to Russia by such close connections, that she would not treat, still less conclude upon any thing, but in concert with the Emperor Alexander: but whilst awaiting the actual intervention of a Russian plenipotentiary, some of the principal points might, however, be discussed, and even provisionally arranged.

" It might seem, that Russia, on account of her remote situation, should have fewer immediate interests to discuss with France than other powers; but that court, so respectable in every point of view, interests herself, like England, warmly in every thing that concerns the greater or lesser degree of independence enjoyed by different princes and states of Europe.

" You see, sir, how inclined we are here to remove every difficulty that might regard the discussion in question. *With the resources that we possess, it is assuredly not on our own account that we need fear a continuance of the war. Of all the nations of Europe, England, perhaps, is that which suffers the least by its prolongation, but we do not the less commiserate the misfortunes of others.*

" Let us, then, do all in our power to terminate them, and let us endeavour, if it be possible, to reconcile the respective interests and the glory of the two countries, with the tranquillity of Europe, and the happiness of the human race.

" I am, &c.

(Signed) " C. J. Fox."

No. VI. *M. Talleyrand to Mr. Fox.*

In this letter the French Minister is commanded by his master to say, that " *the Emperor covets nothing that England possesses.* Peace with France is possible, and may be permanent, provided there is no interference in her internal concerns; and that no attempt is made to restrain her in the regulations of her customs or her commercial rights, or to offer any insult to her flag.

" It is not you, Sir, who have displayed in many public discussions, an exact knowledge of the general affairs of Europe and of France, who require to be convinced, that France has nothing to desire but repose, and a situation such as may permit her, without obstruction, to give herself up entirely to the labours of her industry.

" The Emperor does not imagine, that any particular article of the treaty of Amiens produced the war. He is convinced, *that the true cause was, the refusal to make a treaty of commerce, which would necessarily have been prejudicial to the manufactures and the industry of his subjects.* Your predecessors accused us of wishing universal conquest. In France, England has likewise her accusers. Very well! We only ask equality. We shall never require an account of what you do at home, provided that, on your side, you never require an account of what we do at home. This principle is reciprocally just, reasonable, and mutually advantageous."

The whole of M. Talleyrand's letter is too long to be transcribed; he protests against the intervention of a foreign power (Russia) unless it possessed a great naval force; but, at the same time, acknowledges the openness and precision of Mr. Fox's communication, and declares his intention to reply in the same spirit. The following passages of his letter appear to deserve particular attention, as placing the pretensions of the two governments in a just point of view.

" Our interests are reconcileable, inasmuch as they are distinct. *You are the rulers of the Ocean, your naval forces are equal to those of all the sovereigns of the world united. We are a great*

continental power; but there are many who equal our power by land, and your maritime preponderance always places our commerce at the mercy of your squadrons, immediately after your declaring war. Do you think it reasonable to expect that the Emperor should ever consent to submit himself to your discretion in continental affairs also? *If, masters of the sea through your own power, you propose being masters of the land likewise by a combined force, peace is impossible; for, in that case, you will be striving for an object which you can never attain.*"

M. Talleyrand, after informing Mr. Fox that he incloses passports for a British Plenipotentiary to proceed to Lisle, concludes with declaring, that the Emperor fully adopted the principle laid down in Mr. Fox's previous dispatch, and offered as the basis of the negotiation, "*that the peace proposed should be honourable for the two Courts, and for their respective allies.*"

No. VII. *Mr. Fox's reply to the preceding communication, dated Downing-street, 8th April, 1806.* In this dispatch the British Minister expresses his satisfaction at the amicable disposition displayed by the French Court. "A spirit of conciliation, he observes, manifested on both sides, is already a great advance towards peace."

He then proceeds to disclaim any disposition on the part of the British Government to interfere with the internal concerns of France. With regard to a treaty of commerce, he says, "there are many who think that such a treaty between Great Britain and France would be equally beneficial to the two contracting parties; but this is a question upon which each Government must decide according to its own ideas, and the party rejecting it gives no offence, and is no way responsible to the party proposing it."

He concludes that England cannot negotiate, otherwise than provisionally, except in concert with Russia.

No. VIII. M. Talleyrand, in a long and laboured dispatch, dated Paris, April 16, 1806, objects to Russia taking any part in a negotiation between France and England, on the ground that the events of the war in Germany had deprived Russia of her power of injuring France, and thereby virtually dissolved her alliance with England. He then proposes three forms of discussion.

1. "Negotiation with England and the allies which she acquired at the time of the formation of the third coalition.

2. "Negotiation with all the powers of Europe, with the addition of America.

3. "Negotiation with England alone."

No. IX. *Mr. Fox's answer to the preceding communication, dated April* 20, 1806, proceeds on such sound and enlarged policy, and is so distinguished for the candour, manliness, and force of its reasoning, that it would be injustice to our readers not to give a copious extract from it.

"We wish for peace," says this illustrious statesman, "but we cannot wish for any thing which may be injurious either to the dignity of our Sovereign, or to the honour or the interest of the nation. But if we negotiate without Russia, considering the intimate ties by which we are united with that power, we should conceive ourselves open to the reproach of having failed in that scrupulous fidelity to our engagements, on which we pride ourselves; whilst, on the other hand, by persisting in our demand that Russia be admitted, we do not conceive that we do any thing contrary to that principle of equality to which both of us lay claim. When the three Plenipotentiaries are assembled, how can it be thought that any question could be carried by the majority of voices? or even that such an assembly could have any thing in common with a general congress? There would be, in fact, but two parties in it; on one side France, on the other the two allied powers. Moreover, if it is thought so advantageous in an affair of this nature, to have two against one, no objection would be made to your introducing whichever of your allies you may judge most expedient."

In the conclusion, he says, "the matter, in fine, is reduced to a single point. Will you negotiate conjointly with Russia? We answer yes: But if your require us to negotiate separately, we answer no."

Nos. X. and XI. contain a summary of the arguments of the French and British Ministers relative to the admission of Russia to treat jointly with Great Britain.

No. XII. *The Earl of Yarmouth to Mr. Secretary Fox, dated June* 13, 1806. M. Talleyrand informs the Earl that his Majesty's German dominions should be restored without conditions; being asked if Sicily would be demanded, the French Minister answered, "*Vous l'avez, nous ne vous la demandons; si nous la possedions elle pour-roit augmenter de beaucoup les difficultes.*"—[You are in possession of it, we do not ask it of you: if we possessed it, it might very much augment our difficulties.] M. Talleyrand concluded the conference with expressing the earnest wish of the French Government to live in harmony with so great a power as Great Britain.

No. XIII. Mr. Fox to M. Talleyrand, unimportant.

No. XIV. The Earl of Yarmouth to Mr. Fox, stating that the French are willing to restore Ha-

nover for the honour of the crown, and that England may retain Malta for the honour of the navy, and the Cape of Good Hope for the honour of British commerce.

No. XV. Mr. Fox to the Earl of Yarmouth, ordering him to treat strictly on the basis of the *uti possidetis*, and to insist on Sicily as a *sine qua non*.

No. XVI. to XXIII. Dispatches chiefly relative to the Russian negotiation pending at Paris, and to M. d'Oubril's treaty.

No. XXIV. Copy of Lord Yarmouth's full powers.

No. XXV. Contains the negotiation of the Earl of Yarmouth with General Clarke, who was appointed to treat with him on the part of France.

No. XXVI. Mr. Fox to the Earl of Yarmouth on the subject of D'Oubril's treaty; and blaming the British Plenipotentiary for having produced his powers, before the French Government had reverted to the basis of negotiation originally proposed by themselves, that of the *uti possidetis* universally, with the single exception of Hanover.

No. XXVII. *From the same to the same, dated July 28th*, 1806, acquainting him that the King had named the Earl of Lauderdale to conduct the negotiation in conjunction with him.

No. XXVIII. The Earl of Yarmouth, in vindication of himself relative to the production of his powers.

Nos. XXIX. and XXX. Mr. Fox to the Earl of Yarmouth, imputing the delays of the negotiation to the repeated tergiversations of France.

Nos. XXXI. to XXXIV. contain little more than the account of the Earl of Lauderdale's arrival at Paris, and his formal introduction to the French Ministers.

No. XXXV. *A Dispatch from the Earls of Lauderdale and Yarmouth to Mr. Secretary Fox, dated Paris, August* 9, 1806, and inclosing a note presented by the Earl of Lauderdale to General Clarke, declaring that he cannot treat upon any other principle than that of the *uti possidetis*. This basis being objected to by the French Government, the British Plenipotentiaries demanded their passports.

No. XXXVI. *From the same, dated Paris, 11th August*, 1806, inclosing three several demands of the British Ministers for passports, and a note from the French Plenipotentiaries expressing their readiness to treat on two principles.

1. "On the principle laid down by Mr. Fox in his letter of the 26th of March, that the object of both parties ought to be that the peace should be honourable for both and their respective allies; and at the same time of a nature to insure, as far as should be in their power, the future tranquillity of Europe.

2. "On the principle subjoined to the preceding by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, in his letter of the 2d June following, which consists of *an acknowledgement, in favour of the two parties, of the full right of intervention, and of guarantee in continental and in maritime affairs.*"

Nos. XXXVII. and XXXVIII. *Mr. Fox to the Earls of Lauderdale and Yarmouth, dated August* 14, 1806, conveying his Majesty's approbation of their conduct, and permission to the Earl of Yarmouth to return to England.

Nos. XXXIX. and XL. Dispatches from the Earl of Lauderdale, complaining of the delays thrown by the French Ministers in the way of the negotiation, and that he has again been obliged to apply for passports.

No. XLI. *Mr. Fox to the Earl of Lauderdale, dated August* 23, 1806, the last communication of this great statesman, in which he instructs the Earl of Lauderdale, that should the Court of Russia refuse to ratify M. d'Oubril's treaty, the two Courts would revert to their former situation, with the additional bond of union between them, of having afforded each other mutual proofs of their resolution to adhere invariably to the spirit and principles of their alliance.

Nos. XLII. to XLIV. *The Earl of Lauderdale to Mr. Fox*, repeating his complaints of the delays of the French Plenipotentiaries, and declaring that he would have terminated his mission, but that, at the last conference, the French Plenipotentiaries appeared considerably to soften their tone.

No. XLV. *From Earl Spencer to the Earl of Lauderdale, dated September* 4, 1806, communicating the intelligence that the Court of Petersburg had refused to ratify M. d'Oubril's treaty.

No. XLVI. *From the Earl of Lauderdale, on the same subject.*

No. XLVII. *From the same*, requesting further instructions.

No. XLVIII. *From Mr. Secretary Windham to the Earl of Lauderdale, dated September* 10, 1806, instructing the British Minister to represent to the French Government, that the refusal to ratify M. d'Oubril's treaty, placed the two Courts in their former state of close and intimate alliance; and therefore any attempt on the part of France to separate them, must be considered as hopeless.

He directs his Lordship also to revert to the basis of the *uti possidetis*, so often adverted to as the only ground on which England could consent to negotiate, and to insist on the retention of Sicily.

No. XLIX. *From the Earl of Lauderdale*, giving an account of a conference with M. Talleyrand, and a note from that Minister, announcing in terms of sincere regret the death of Mr. Fox.

No. L. *From the same, dated Paris, 10th September*, 1806, incloses a paper delivered by M. Talleyrand, in which, after expressing the unwillingness of the French Government to treat with England and Russia jointly, is the following remarkable passage.

"If, after the changes which have taken place in the Cabinet of his Britannic Majesty, peace is still wished for in England, peace may be made, and that without delay. The Emperor will not hesitate to make some sacrifices in order to accelerate it, and to render it durable; but if the disposition for peace should have changed in London, if the wise and liberal views manifested in the first communications which took place with the illustrious Minister, whom both nations lament, should no longer prevail, a vague disposition, immoderate pretensions, and ambiguous proposals, wide of that tone of frankness and dignity necessary to conduce to a real reconciliation, would only have the effect of producing more irritation, and would be unworthy of both nations. France does not pretend to dictate either to Russia or England, but she will be dictated to by neither of these powers. Let the conditions be equal, just, and moderate, and the peace is concluded; but if an imperious and exaggerating disposition is evinced; if pre-eminence is affected; if, in a word, it is meant to *dictate* peace, the Emperor and the French people will not even notice these proposals. Confiding in themselves, they will say as a nation of antiquity answered its enemies, "*you demand our arms, come and take them.*"

No. LI. *From the Earl of Lauderdale to Earl Spencer*, acquaints his Lordship, that in a conference with M. de Champagny, the French Minister had proposed the following terms, as those which the Emperor was disposed to grant:

1st. "That Hanover, with its dependencies, should be restored to his Majesty.

2d. "That the possession of Malta should be confirmed to Great Britain.

3d. "That France would interfere with Holland, to confirm to his Majesty the absolute possession of the Cape of Good Hope.

4th. "That the Emperor would confirm to his Majesty the possession of Pondicherry, Chandernagore, Mahee, and the other dependent comptoirs.

5th. "That as Tobago was originally settled by the English, it was meant also to give that island to the Crown of Great Britain."

In return for these sacrifices, it was expected that Sicily would be ceded, and an indemnification was to be provided for his Sicilian Majesty, consisting of the Balearic islands, and an annuity from the Court of Spain to enable him to support his dignity.

The cession of Sicily being utterly incompatible with the views of England and Russia, and the French Government persisting in refusing to admit the basis of a joint negotiation, the British Plenipotentiaries' mission may be said to have terminated here.

The remaining papers consist chiefly of Lord Lauderdale's official demands for passports, with the answers of the French Ministers. But we must not omit his reply to the insinuation of M. Talleyrand, that the death of Mr. Fox had occasioned a change in the pacific sentiments of the British Cabinet.

"The undersigned," he observes, "was sent to France to negotiate a peace, at a time when the illustrious Minister, to whom his Excellency has paid so just a tribute of praise, presided over the department for foreign affairs. This great man then acted under the full conviction, that he had received from France an offer of peace on the basis of *uti possidetis*, with the sole exception of Hanover and its dependencies in favour of his Britannic Majesty."

In a subsequent part of his note he says, "During twenty-six years of intimate and uninterrupted connection with Mr. Fox, the undersigned, as much as any one, has had an opportunity of confidently learning the sentiments of that celebrated man. From his knowledge of them he is impressed with the strongest conviction, that no Minister could give to the instructions of which he was to be the organ a more perfect assent, or concur more effectually in their execution, than Mr. Fox would have done, in giving to the undersigned on the part of his Britannic Majesty, such orders as the undersigned has in fact received, under circumstances in which peace (on the just and equitable conditions which had been proposed to that Minister) would have appeared to him impracticable."

Subjoined to these important state documents is his Majesty's Declaration of the 21st of October, 1806, for a copious abstract of which we refer our readers to page 49.

SUMMARY OF THE DEBATES IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, JAN. 2, 1806, ON THE LATE NEGOTIATION WITH THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

Lord GRENVILLE called the attention of the House to the papers relative to the late negotiation between this country and France, which he

had some days before had the honour of submitting to their lordships. The papers, he admitted, did not contain all the circumstances of the negotiation; some of them were withheld from motives of delicacy to our allies, but nothing material was wanting for their lordships to form a judgment upon them.

His lordship, after adverting to the state of Europe for the last six years, and shewing the futility of an uncertain peace, proceeded to state, that the basis of actual possession was the only basis on which, in his opinion, we ought to treat with France. This was likewise the opinion of the great man whom this nation had so recently lost.

The state of actual possession, the *uti possidetis* of diplomatists, he contended, did not exclude exchange upon equivalents; on the contrary it indirectly implied it; each party being secured his own way, has the right of barter and commutation if he thinks fit. For instance, had the actual possession of England, on the part of her allies, been Naples, and had this actual possession, as the basis of a treaty, been acknowledged by France, this would not have excluded England, had she thought fit, from exchanging Naples for any part of Germany, or any West India island, or any other equivalent. The *uti possidetis* did not compel her, unequivocally, and unmolestedly, to retain what she had, but, by confirming her absolute possession, it gave her all those rights which naturally flow from property, the right of retention, modification, exchange, &c.

His lordship then adverted to the calamitous state of the continent, at the time when ministers came into office. They found the country engaged in a strict alliance with Russia, and well knowing the value of such an alliance, they determined to adhere to it with inviolable fidelity, and to enter into no treaty without her full participation. Hypothetical cases might be put, in which this resolution would appear extravagant; but no doubt could be entertained that a perfect concert with Russia was of the first importance to both powers. It gave to each a double weight in a negotiation, as soon appeared by the constant artifice which France employed to separate us, and the consequence which she attached to our union. The negociation, therefore, commenced in conjunction with Russia, and was carried on with those views with regard to our other allies, which were dictated by the good faith of this country. Our allies were of two descriptions; those to whom we were bound by treaty; and those to whom we were bound by circumstances that had occurred during the war. Sweden and Portugal were of the former class; Naples and the Elector of Hanover, who in this case must be considered as a distinct and separate power, of the latter. With respect to Sweden and Portugal, nothing more was required than to guarantee to them their state of actual possession. But the case was otherwise with the King of Naples, who had been deprived by the enemy of all his dominions on the continent of Europe. Ministers would have consented to great sacrifices, could they have procured the restoration of Naples; but since that was impracticable, it became necessary to discuss the means of indemnifying that Sovereign for the loss of his kingdom. Sicily was in the possession of an invincible British army, and it would have been indelible disgrace to this country to have given it up to France upon their offer of an equivalent, without the consent of its Sovereign.

With regard to Hanover, His Majesty's ministers had firmly determined that peace should never be made without the restoration of that Electorate, and therefore they did not even approach the threshold of the French court, without demanding it as a *sine quâ non*, previous to all negotiation. Hanover had been seized, not conquered; it had been taken from the Elector, not the King of Great Britain: it was the spoil of peace, the pillage of neutrals, and no negotiation would have proceeded, or even commenced, except under the direct assurance that it should be restored without equivalent. The French, aware of the injustice of the seizure, consented to its full restoration, as a preliminary concession, and it never afterwards became a subject of dispute. It therefore could not be said that the negociation broke off on account of Hanover.

The noble Lord proceeded to observe, that the negociation might be considered as divided into four stages. At the first, the French offered us terms, which, had we been treating for ourselves alone, might have been considered as fair, but were dishonourable when offered to us as the price of the desertion of our faithful ally. The second was, when the French government, partly by threats, and partly by promises, had induced M. d'Oubril to sign a separate treaty of peace. This they looked upon as equivalent to a splendid victory, and increased in their demands accordingly. But when a suspicion arose that this treaty would not be ratified, or probably intelligence to that effect had reached Paris (which leads to the third stage of the negociation) then they thought proper to offer better terms, in the hope of detaching us from our ally.

The fourth stage of the negotiation began

when it was known that the Emperor Alexander had refused to ratify the act of his minister. In the midst of warrantable suspicions and peculiar embarrassment, this country adhered closely to her good faith; and she now refused to treat but in concert with our ally. It might be asked, did we, by this stubborn adherence to Russia, neglect the opportunity of an honourable peace? Could we, by the desertion of that power, have effected a treaty which the honour and spirit of the nation would have rested contented with? Have we plunged into hostilities merely for Russian objects and interests, because Russia requires France to evacuate Dalmatia, and consent that Sicily should remain with the King of Naples? Are these Russian, or are they English interests, which have broken off this treaty? My Lords, they are truly confederate interests; and whether Russia had consented to have yielded them or not, we never should.

His Lordship then took a luminous view of the importance of Dalmatia as a military station, flanking the possessions of Austria and the Porte; and concluded with moving an address to his Majesty, stating, "That the House saw with gratitude from the papers laid before it, that every possible means had been employed by His Majesty's Government to effectuate a safe and honourable peace; that the terms of the negotiation were consistent with the interests of the nation, and conformable with inviolable good faith towards our allies; and that while they lament that the authors of the negotiation have defeated the endeavours made for peace, they feel also that a desirable peace cannot be effectually obtained, and are ready to provide for the alternative, by granting to his Majesty those means most likely to maintain the independence of the empire, and support the honour and dignity of the national character."

Lord HAWKESBURY said he did not approve of particular parts of the negotiation, but was willing to concur in the address. His Lordship drew a very flattering picture of the resources of the country, and our ability to sustain the expences of a protracted warfare.

Lord ELDON expressed his most zealous concurrence in the address; but contended, that the averment in the declaration respecting the basis of the *uti possidetis* was not made out by the papers on the table.

Lord GRENVILLE, in reply, argued that the basis of *uti possidetis* was explicitly agreed to by the French government, and that the principal motive of Lord Yarmouth's mission was, to obtain a written admission of it.

The Earl of LAUDERDALE pointed out some misrepresentations in the French account of the negotiation; and declared, that Lord Yarmouth had, in his presence, and that of the French plenipotentiary, asserted, that he had been authorized to inform Mr. Fox, that France was ready to treat on the basis of *uti possidetis*; and the French minister did not contradict that assertion. During the conduct of the negociation, he had no reason to complain of any want of personal civility, on the part of the French government.

Lord SIDMOUTH followed next, and was succeeded by several peers. After which the address was carried without a division, and the House adjourned.

SUMMARY OF THE DEBATES ON THE NEGOTIATION IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, JAN. 5, 1807.

Lord HOWICK rose to propose an address to His Majesty, similar to that agreed to by the House of Peers. He took a general view of the progress of the negotiation, and vindicated the conduct of ministers in breaking it off. But as his lordship's arguments, though more detailed, and certainly of not less ability, did not differ *materially* from those used by Lord Grenville in the Upper House, a recapitulation of them is scarcely necessary.

Lord YARMOUTH defended the share he had taken in the negotiation. In his conferences with the French Minister he had constantly reverted to the basis of actual possession, and he was almost certain that no objection would have been started against it, or that it would have received no other construction than its fair and obvious meaning, had it not been for the melancholy event of the death of Mr. Fox. He admitted, however, that upon one occasion, M. Talleyrand declared in a passion, that he had never proposed the *uti possidetis*; but Lord Yarmouth said, he was positive as to the fact of his having proposed that as the basis, or at least as one of the bases, for the conclusion of a peace. With regard to the production of his powers, his lordship contended that it was unavoidable. The noble speaker next proceeded to notice the conduct of ministers relative to the failure of the negotiation. In his opinion they had thrown away a peace offered them upon highly advantageous terms, and had resisted for two objects, neither of which could be called true British objects. The first of these was the cession of Sicily to its lawful sovereign; and the second was the evacuation of Dalmatia by the French, an object more properly belonging to Russia. The noble Lord enlarged upon these errors, as he called them, and endeavoured to shew their impolicy. He however concluded with supporting the address.

Mr. MONTAGUE highly approved of the conduct of Lord Yarmouth, but conceived that Lord Lauderdale had remained at Paris longer than he ought. He compared the situation of Lord Lauderdale, between Messrs. Clarke, Talleyrand, and their Master, to that of a man lately attacked in Bond-street by some prostitutes, two of whom held him fast, while a third rifled his pockets.

Sir THOMAS TURTON was followed by

Mr. WHITBREAD, who went at large into the history of the negotiation, and condemned the conduct of ministers for breaking it off. He contended, that after the death of Mr. Fox, ministers were not sincere in their desire of peace. In the terms offered by the French government, the honour of this country was abundantly consulted. Her interests would have been secured to a much greater extent than could have reasonably been expected, after the uniform success of the French arms on the continent. He could not find the basis of the *uti possidetis* any where admitted by the French government. As for their rising in their demands after the signature of D'Oubril's treaty, it was perfectly natural, and what we would have done under similar circumstances. Considering the pretensions of Russia on the Porte, he did not wonder at the French refusing to evacuate Dalmatia. The retention of Sicily, which seemed a *sine quâ non* with us, had been departed from by Russia, who was willing to accept a compensation for his Neapolitan Majesty. On a view of the whole transaction, therefore, he was persuaded that we had broke off the negotiation for Russian objects, in the contemplation of a new coalition. He deprecated the intemperate language which he had heard applied to France. He was not one of those who wished for eternal warfare. Let us for a moment place ourselves in the situation of the French government, and then judge of their disposition for peace by the terms which they repeatedly offered. The honourable member concluded a forcible and argumentative speech, by offering an amendment, expressive of our readiness to embrace the earliest opportunity of renewing a negotiation for peace.—Mr. Whitbread's motion was then put, and negatived without a division.

Mr. CANNING and Mr. PERCEVAL censured the conduct of ministers. The latter gentleman considered it as a subject of deep regret, that a man of Mr. Fox's great talents and incorruptible mind should have been betrayed into a private and confidential correspondence with such a person as Talleyrand; and he blamed ministers for not having sooner put an end to the negotiation.

Lord HOWICK, in reply, vindicated the character of his lamented friend, and denied that there was any thing suspicious or improper in the acquaintance or correspondence of Mr. Fox with Mons. Talleyrand. He justified the attempt of ministers to make peace, and contended that although it had failed, this advantage had been derived from it, that it had rivetted the alliance between this country and Russia. He concluded with observing, that it was with extreme reluctance that he felt himself compelled to declare, that he saw no prospect of an honourable termination of the war, till the character and conduct of the French government should be entirely changed. "We must," said his lordship, "make up our minds to fight out this battle, to maintain our honour and independence, or to perish!"

After a few words of explanation from Mr. Whitbread and Mr. Perceval, the question on the address was put and carried *nem. con.*—Adjourned.

We have thus performed the promise made in our last number, and have laid before our readers a detailed view of the negotiation, with the debates to which it necessarily gave birth in Parliament. The latter we have judged it useful to place immediately after the papers, in a form seperate from the other proceedings of the legislature, which we shall afterwards have to notice. The objections raised are not numerous, and to all of them, we think, a sufficient answer has been returned.

That the first offer of negociation came from England, not from France; that the *uti possidetis* asserted by ministers to have been the agreed basis of negotiation does not appear from evidence to have really been acceded to by the enemy; that the communication between the two countries was improperly prolonged; that, on the contrary, it was broken off too soon, and for Russian, not for British objects; these are the positions (some of course sufficiently contradictory) that have been chiefly insisted upon. The first point is in itself of little importance: had this country been the first to speak of peace, we know not that its dignity would, on that account, in any way be compromised. Ministers, however, in the declaration of their Sovereign, had intimated that the fact was otherwise; and in this view it is certainly a matter for enquiry.

Whether the assassination proposed to Mr. Fox, was founded upon an actual intended conspiracy, or whether it was a mere device of France, to throw odium on the British Cabinet, or even to open an inlet for negotiation; however this may be, the conduct of that great statesman can still be entitled only to praise.

If the assassination were seriously intended, his letter to Talleyrand was manly and honourable; if it were a trick, it was wise and politic.—Not a word hinting a desire for peace is to be found in it. The answer our readers have perused above. In addition to the note written at the command of Napoleon, is an envelope from the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Talleyrand, informing Mr. Fox that "they on their side were desirous of peace;" and enclosing as a proof of it, an extract from an address made but a day or two before by his Emperor to the Public Senate. That address conveys *in terms* the same express sentiment, "I wish for peace."—Can it be successfully then contended, that the first intimation of a wish for peace came not from France? We ourselves think it cannot.

As to the second point, we think that there is undoubted evidence that the *uti possidetis* was originally agreed to by France. That there is not merely evidence, such as would induce an Englishman, partial naturally to his countrymen, to believe that it was so settled; but such as would convince a thinking and enquiring foreigner. It is true, that on the part of France there is no written document setting out in terms their admission of the principle; it is true also, that they certainly exercised much ingenuity to prevent such a document from existing. But it is unjust to say, that it is a matter of evidence, to be determined between Lord Yarmouth and Talleyrand, and that, as partiality should guide, it would be open for individuals to credit the one or the other. Lord Lauderdale, immediately on his arrival at Paris, drew up, as a preliminary step to farther proceedings, a paper, recounting what had been understood to have previously passed between the two governments. It was read over in the presence of Lord Yarmouth to the agent of the French Government. Did they deny the truth of its statements? Not a word. Nay, so strongly do they feel the weight of evidence, in consequence of their silence at the conference we are speaking of, that in their own detail of the negociation they suppress the document. We think that there was much good sense in sending over Lord Lauderdale; and this, if nothing else was gained, is not a matter of slight satisfaction.

The third objection is in our minds as little tenable as the two former. Having once engaged in discussions relative to a peace, we certainly feel that it was wise not hastily to break off those discussions. We think too that in the early stages of the negociation the government of France was sincere. If in private life it is no proof of folly to be even deceived by conduct which would betray baseness on our own part to be suspicious of; so in national intercourse there is a degree of fraud so contemptible, that it would be unwise to attribute it to those with whom we are conferring.

When Louis XII. complained that Ferdinand of Spain had cheated him twice, the latter is known to have said, "that Louis was wrong, for he had cheated him *ten* times over." We believe, however, that the ministers, even of France, would, in the present day, be slow to make a similar boast. We are unfortunately, from want of room, unable to adduce our reasons for confidently saying, that at the outset the French were in earnest, but such is our opinion. Still, however, we cannot allow that the fourth objection has in it any thing of validity. We refer to the unanswerable arguments of Lord Grenville and Lord Howick, with respect to the importance of Dalmatia; and we feel that the honour of the country was concerned in obtaining an indemnity for the King of Sicily. Mr. Whitbread's view of the subject, however, is certainly most weighty. Russia, nevertheless, is a power well entitled to our firmest support; all suspicion of her not being united to us by the strictest bonds is fortunately at an end. We think, therefore, we were bound to act as we did. We think, that Russian objects, and British objects, with respect to peace, are one; and that for Lord Lauderdale to have remained at Paris, whilst Bonaparte went to Germany, would have been absurd.

The Parliamentary discussions of the month have been but few and of no great importance, excepting those which have been already detailed upon the subject of the negotiation. Several motions were made and notices given with respect to various contested elections. On Wednesday, January the 7th, Mr. Calcraft, in a Committee of Supply, moved, that there be granted to His Majesty the following sums:

201,400l. 9s. 8d. for the Land Service of the Ordnance for Great Britain not provided for by Parliament, for the year 1805.

262,365l. for the same service, not provided for, for the year 1806.

2,278,171. 0s. 10d. for the Land Service of the year 1807.

479,246l. 19s. 7d. for the same service, for Ireland, for 1807.

These Resolutions were severally agreed to.

Thursday, Jan. 8, Mr. Windham, in reply to an inquiry of Lord Castlereagh, informed the House that he had no measure to propose in lieu of his Training Act, which was already in a course of execution, and which was intended also to extend to Scotland.

On Friday, the 9th, the same gentleman, in answer to Mr. Wildbour, observed, that it had not been usual in framing a vote of thanks, to mention any officer by name of a lower rank than Major-General; as the rank, however, of Brigadier-General had been of recent introduction in our service, he had thought that the compliment might justly be extended so far. Col. Oswald, though not actually a Brigadier-General, had yet acted as such at the battle of Maida, and the omission of his name, therefore, was wholly accidental.

Tuesday, Jan. 14.—Lord Howick, in consequence of some questions relative to the American Treaty, assured the House that His Majesty had reserved to himself a full right to proceed with as much rigour against the French commerce as the chief of the French Government had employed against us. Nothing had been given up upon that point by the treaty with America.

Thursday, Jan. 15.—Mr. Biddulph gave notice of his intention to move, "That the House being sensible of the large amount for the supplies of the year, and also of the enormous taxes paid by the people, should take into its consideration the means of diminishing these burthens by abolishing all useless and superfluous offices, salaries, fees, emoluments, and pensions."

On Friday the 16th, Mr. Perceval gave notice of a motion with respect to the order of Council published on the 7th of the month. He considered it as a measure not sufficiently vigorous. It may be right to state that the object of that order is "to prevent vessels from trading from one port to another, both which ports shall belong to, or be in possession of France or her allies, or shall be so far under their controul that British vessels may not freely trade thereat."

Wednesday, Jan. 21.—On the motion of the Secretary at War, the House resolved itself into a Committee, to take into consideration the Army Estimates for the year 1807. The total sum of last year's Estimates, he observed, was 13,936,311l. exclusive of the additional pay and allowances. The total amount of the present year, excluding also the additional pay and allowances, was only 13,710,721l. The military force of the present year had an augmentation in numbers, but a decrease in point of pay, &c. The whole amount, allowing as follows, was 450,000l.

For the Regulars - - -	280,000
Militia - - -	23,000
Out Pensioners - -	100,000
Widows' Pensions -	7,000
	£ 450,000

The Secretary at War was happy to state that the whole number of Volunteers disbanded was only 11,496, and that the efficient Volunteer force was at present 363,400 men. He concluded by computing the military force of the country at 113,705 effective men, including non-commissioned officers.

Lord Castlereagh entered into a long detail in defence of Mr. Pitt's Parish Bill as compared with the present measures. He also asserted, that our military operations had all been made to depend on the event of the late negotiation. He said, that a reinforcement might have been sent out in June, so as to arrive at Buenos Ayres by the 12th of August.

Mr. Windham shewed that Government had received no intelligence of the original capture. The Narcissus, which brought the news, had not performed her voyage in less than eight weeks; unless, therefore, reinforcements had been sent in balloons it could not have arrived in time to prevent the re-capture. He next defended his military measure upon grounds of economy and of its actual efficiency. He had been reproached for delaying its execution. That might be an observation good against himself, but was a remark favourable to the measure itself. He was most concerned for the latter. This put him in mind of the porter who having neglected to carry home some game entrusted to him, when he was told that it smelt badly, exclaimed with anxiety, "it is not the game, sir, it is I that smells badly." His objections to the Parish Army Bill had been often detailed. The Army of Reserve Act exhausted the means of future supply. The present measure operated slowly, but the Parish Bill had the defects of both. He considered the apprehensions of the noble Lord as wholly unfounded.

Friday, Jan. 23.—Mr. Whitbread gave notice of a Bill, which he meant to introduce in relation to the Poor Laws.

In the Committee of Supply, 10,000 additional seamen were voted, including 2,400 marines.

Monday, Jan. 26.—Lord Folkstone moved for papers relative to the conduct of Lord Wellesley.

Mr. Sheridan expressed his intention of supporting an inquiry with regard to the affairs of the Carnatic.

In the House of Lords nothing of moment occurred after the debate on the negotiation.—Lord Grenville gave notice of a Bill to be introduced for the abolition of the Slave Trade.

LONDON AND FASHIONABLE VARIETIES.

HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

Monday, Jan. 19, being kept as the anniversary of her Majesty's Birth-day, was graced with the usual solemnities.

Soon after nine o'clock, their Majesties and the Princesses breakfasted together at the Queen's Palace.

In the course of the morning the Dukes of York, Kent, Cumberland, Sussex, Cambridge, and Gloucester, the Princess Charlotte of Wales, the Bishops of Chester and Exeter, &c. attended at the Queen's Palace, to offer their private congratulations to her Majesty.

About half past twelve o'clock her Majesty and the Princesses, with the Princess Charlotte of Wales, went in their carriages from the Queen's Palace to St. James's.

A little before two o'clock, her Majesty and the Princesses proceeded to the Grand Council Chamber to hold a Drawing-room. In an antiroom, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and several Bishops were waiting to compliment her Majesty on the happy return of the day. The Lord Chancellor and the Cabinet Ministers were also assembled for the same duteous congratulations. According to usual custom, the boys from Christ's Hospital were presented to her Majesty by Alderman Sir J. W. Anderson, the President of the Institution, and J. Palmer, Esq. the Treasurer.

Her Majesty and the Princesses then proceeded to the Grand Council Chamber, which they entered at about twenty minutes past two o'clock.

Her Majesty having taken her station to receive the congratulations of the company, the Lord Chamberlain waved his wand to Sir Wm. Parsons, who was attending in an antichamber on the left of the Throne, with his Majesty's band, to perform the

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1807.

BY H. J. PYE, ESQ. P. L.

AND THE MUSIC BY SIR WM. PARSONS.

When loud and drear the tempests roar,
When high the billowy mountains rise,
And headlong 'gainst the rocky shore,
Driven by the blast, the giddy vessel flies;
Unguided, by the wild waves borne,
Her rudder broke, her tackling torn;
Say, does the seaman's daring mind
Shrink from the angry frown of fate?
Does he, to abject fear resign'd,
Th' impending stroke in silence wa't?
No—while he pours the fervent pray'r
To Him whose will can punish or can spare,
Cool and intrepid 'mid the sound
Of winds and waves that rage around,
The powers that skill and strength impart,
The nervous arm, th' undaunted heart,
Collecting,—firm he fronts the threat'ning storm,
And braves, with fearless breast, fell Death's terrific form:

So, though around our sea-encircled reign,
The dreadful tempest seems to lour,
Dismay'd do Britain's hardy train
Await in doubt the threat'ning hour?
Lo! to his sons, with cheering voice,
Albion's bold Genius calls aloud;
Around him valiant myriads crowd,
Or death or victory their choice;
From ev'ry port astonish'd Europe sees
Britannia's white sails swelling with the breeze;
Not her imperial barks alone
Awe the proud foe on ev'ry side,
Commerce her vessels launches on the tide,
And her indignant sons awhile
Seceding from their wonted toil,
Turn from the arts of peace their care,
Hurl from each deck the bolts of war,
To sweep th' injurious boasters from the main,
Who dare to circumscribe Britannia's naval reign.

And see with emulative zeal
Our hosts congenial ardour feel;
The ardent spirit, that of yore
Flam'd high on Gallia's vanquish'd shore:
Or burn'd by Danube's distant flood,
When flow'd his current ting'd with Gallic blood;
Or shone on Lincelles' later fight;
Or fir'd by Acre's tow'rs the Christian's knight;
Or taught on Maida's fields the Gaul to feel,
Urg'd by the Briton's arm, the British steel;
Now in each breast with heat redoubled glows,
And gleams dismay and death on Europe's ruthless foes.

Not to Ambition's specious charm,
Not to th' ensanguin'd despot's hand,
Is conquest bound—a mightier Arm
Than Earth's proud tyrants can withstand,
The balance holds of human fate,
Raises the low and sinks the great.
Exerting then in Europe's cause
Each energy of arm and mind,

All that from force or skill the warrior draws,
Yet to th' Almighty Power resign'd,
Whose high behest all Nature's movements guides,
Controls the battle's and the ocean's tides;
Britain still hopes that Heav'n her vows will hear,
While Mercy rears her shield and Justice points her spear.

The room was completely filled very soon after her Majesty had entered.

His Majesty's absence from the Drawing-room was occasioned by his eyes still continuing disordered.

The Court closed at about half past five o'clock, when her Majesty and Princesses retired to their private apartments—and after taking off their Court dresses, returned to the Queen's Palace to dinner.

BIRTH.

Lately of a son, the Lady of Brigadier General the Hon. Alexander Hope.

MARRIAGES.

Lately, W. Darley, Esq. of Dublin, to Miss Farren, eldest daughter of Mr. Farren, and cousin to the Countess of Derby.

On the 8th ult. at Gisborough, Marmaduke Constable, Esq. to Miss Octavia Hale, of the Plantation, eighth daughter of the late General Hale, of that place.

DEATHS.

It is with regret we state, that his Grace the Duke of Richmond, died at his seat at Goodwood, in Sussex, on Monday, December 29, 1806, in the 72d year of his age, being born on the 22d of February, 1734.—For many years he took an active part in the politics of the nation. In the early part of Mr. Pitt's first administration, he was appointed Master General of the Ordnance, in which situation he continued for several years. As a Senator, his abilities, though not of a brilliant description, were deemed very respectable, and he was always heard with attention. His Grace was of royal extraction, being descended from Charles Lenox, natural son of King Charles II. by Lady Louisa Renne de Penencourt, a French lady, who came to England with the Duchess of Orleans, the King's sister; and whom his Majesty not only created Duchess of Portsmouth, Countess of Farnham, and Baroness Petersfield, in England, but prevailed on Louis XIV. to confer on her the title of Duchess of Aubigny in France. The late Duke was the third in succession, and possessed the titles conferred on his grandfather in the reign of Charles II. viz. Duke of Richmond in England, Duke of Aubigny in France (confirmed and registered by the Parliament of Paris), Duke of Lenox in Scotland, Earl of March in England, and Darnley in Scotland, Baron of Settrington in England, and Turbolton and Methuen in Scotland; besides which he was created by his present Majesty a Knight of the Garter. He was also a Field Marshal of Great Britain, and a Colonel of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards Blue. He bore the arms of King Charles II. and his motto was "*En la rose je fleurie.*"—*In the rose I flourish.* —He married April 1, 1757, Mary, eldest daughter and coheiress to the late Earl of Aylesbury.—He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his nephew, the Hon. General Lenox, Representative for the county of Sussex.—The Duke of Richmond, it is said, has left 50,000l. to each of his three daughters by his house-keeper, for whom he has provided in the same proportion. His Grace never had any male issue by that lady.

The remains of the late Duke of Richmond were interred on January 12, agreeably to the directions of his will, without any pompous parade, in the family vault, in the cathedral church of Chichester. The surgeons employed in opening the body, discovered a considerable ulcer in his stomach, and in the gall bladder sundry stones, of which his Grace experienced a large discharge about ten days before his death.

The Princess Wilhelmina Frederica Louisa Paulina, daughter of the Prince of Orange Fulda, at Fregenwalden, on the 26th ult. She was born in 1800.

At his house in Pulteney-street, the Right Hon. Arthur Acheson, Earl of Gosford, in Ireland.

On the 10th ult. in Dublin, in the 73d year of his age, the Right Hon. Brice Earl of Milltown.

At her house in Charles-street, Manchester-square, Dowager Lady Head, relict of Sir Edmund Head, bart.

Sir Stephen, Lushington, Bart, for many years one of the most distinguished Members of the East India Direction. He had been a martyr to the gout, and for a long period had been totally unable to walk.

Lately, Mrs. Rawdon, aged 85, widow of the late Arthur Rawdon, Esq. and aunt to the Earl of Moira.

Tuesday the 13th at Battle, Mrs. Dutton, relict of Ralph Dutton, Esq. brother to Lord Sherborne. She was the once beautiful and celebrated Miss Honour Gubbins.

Mr. S. Chifney, the celebrated jockey.

LE BEAU MONDE.

COURT DRESSES

WORN ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

LADIES' DRESSES.

HER MAJESTY,

As usual, on her own birth-day, was extremely neat. Her dress was composed of brown velvet, beautifully embroidered with scarlet and white silk; draperies and bottom trimmed with rich point lace, tied up with silk cords and tassels; the mantle to correspond. The neatness of Her Majesty's dress was very much admired.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA.

Brown velvet petticoat, beautifully embroidered with silver, a large drapery on the right side, with a most brilliant border, with damask and province roses intermixed; a small drapery on the left side, tied up with a very rich bouquet, and bordered with Italian chains; train of brown and silver tissue. The whole had a very fine effect.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

A magnificent dress of green velvet, superbly embroidered with gold; the right side of the dress composed of a large marking drapery, elegantly striped with gold spangles, and finished at bottom, with a massy border of a Mosaic pattern, intermixed with pine leaves, richly embroidered in dead and bright gold foil, bullion, &c. the contour of which was strikingly elegant; smaller draperies in shell work, with rich borders, completed this superb dress, which was particularly remarked for taste and effect—the whole finished with a massy border at bottom, of foil and bullion, and looped up with superb cord and tassels. Her Royal Highness wore a robe of green and gold velvet tissue sleeves, ornamented with tiaras of gold and green, and trimmed with point lace and gold fringe.

THE PRINCESS SOPHIA.

A puce velvet petticoat, embroidered round the bottom with twist and spangles, over which a most magnificent drapery, superbly embroidered with festoons of variegated geranium leaves of gold, embossed work; under the leaves was suspended an extraordinary rich drapery, with point, terminating in rich gold tassels; the robe was puce and gold velvet.—The head-dress, as usual, to correspond. The whole dress was considered uncommonly elegant.

PRINCESS MARY.

The same as her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth, in scarlet and gold.

PRINCESS AMELIA.

An elegant fawn-coloured dress, with silver tassels.—Head-dress a very fine penache of nine feathers.

THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

Her Royal Highness's dress was universally admired, it consisted of a white crape petticoat, the ground richly embroidered with gold spangles, in shell patterns, bordered with wreaths of oak and acorns elegantly worked, in gold intermixed with blue velvet; the drapery showered with gold spangles, beautifully interspersed with bunches of acorns, a border of oak to correspond, the pocket holes tastefully ornamented with rich gold cord and tassels; train of blue velvet trimmed with gold fringe, with a profusion of diamonds on the body, sleeves, and girdle.—Head-dress, penache of seven ostrich feathers, with a beautiful heron in the middle bandeau; necklace and ear-rings of diamonds; a very elegant pair of white silk shoes, richly spangled all over with gold, and ornamented with gold; the style of this dress was entirely new, and displayed great taste.

EVENING DRESS.—White lace tunic over blue satin train, trimmed with pearls, *à-la-Gree* pattern, with pearl bracelets and belt.—Head-dress, ear-rings and necklace to correspond.

PRINCESS SOPHIA OF GLOUCESTER.

A purple velvet dress, with an elegant drapery embroidered with silver; purple velvet train, superbly embroidered with silver, and trimmed to correspond. The whole formed that elegant appearance by which her Royal Highness is always distinguished.

The most prevalent dresses worn at Court on

her Majesty's Birth-day, excepting those of the Royal Family, were as follows:

A splendid dress of white crape and satin, richly embroidered in shells of silver and white velvet; the drapery looped up with chains of mattee silver, and fastened with arrows; body and train of steel coloured velvet, embroidered with silver.—A pair of white silk shoes, richly embroidered, and trimmed with silver. The whole had a beautiful effect.

A beautiful white dress, in draperies trimmed round with rich point lace, tastefully drawn up on each side with gold ropes and tassels, petticoat of rich carmine velvet, with wreaths of green ivy and white thorn, superbly ornamented with point lace, and massy gold rings; body and train of carmine velvet, richly embroidered with gold to correspond, sleeves of point lace; head-dress composed of a bandeau amethyst, a gold crescent in front, plume of white feathers; diamond necklace, ear-rings, and braces; white satin shoes.

Petticoat of rich leopard satin, tastefully ornamented with superb black lace and real sabie; train of leopard satin, trimmed with sable, and lace to correspond. This dress may certainly, although neither gold nor silver appeared in it, be considered one of the richest and most expensive at court. Head-dress of lace, sable and leopard feathers.

A very rich and elegant dress; white satin petticoat with broad silver tassel fringe round the bottom; white satin draperies very richly studded with demi beads of silver, bordered round with deep silver tassel fringe, supported and enriched with a curious snake rope and tassels of silver; train white satin, trimmed round with the same silver tassel fringe; body and sleeves richly embroidered in silver.

Petticoat of French pink crape, embroidered in broad wreaths of tulips in French pearls, draperies the same, looped up with springs of plaited French pearls; train of rich French pink satin, embroidered in pearls to correspond with the petticoat.—Head-dress, bandeau of knotted pearl, high plume, pale pink feathers mounted in the military style. A Queen Elizabeth's ruff in Brussels lace, which had quite a new effect.

Rich satin petticoat, most superbly embroidered with a very deep wreath of gold and purple hyacinths, the lower part in rich stripes to correspond; the draperies were formed of a most superbly embroidered crape, trimmed with magnificent suit of point lace, and tied up with a profusion of gold tassels and cord; the bottom of the petticoat finished with a broad gold fringe, placed on a purple velvet; a purple velvet robe to suit, richly trimmed with point and gold cuffs. Head-dress, a bandeau of purple velvet, with feathers and diamonds; the *tout ensemble* was a most happy mixture of simplicity and elegance.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESSES.

The most striking of the dresses, with the exception of the uniforms, were,

A purple velvet coat and small clothes; embroidered waistcoat.

A dark green coat with elegant cut-steel buttons: a satin waistcoat richly embroidered.

An elegant olive coat, richly embroidered; a richly embroidered satin waistcoat.

A brown cut velvet coat, nearly black, most brilliantly embroidered with silver and colours, and lined with white satin; waistcoat of white satin, embroidered like the coat.—This suit was distinguished for taste and elegance.

FASHIONS

FOR FEBRUARY, 1807.

Fig No. 2. AN EVENING FULL DRESS—Of rich Italian ermine sarsnet, worn over a soft white satin petticoat, let in with a gold net at the bottom, terminating at the extreme edge with a narrow fringe of gold; the back of the dress is cut low and square; the front of the vest is wore quite plain, so as to form the shape of the bosom; a gold net fastened in the center with a broach, confines one side of the breast, passing under the left arm, terminates at the corner of the right shoulder: soft white satin sleeves, carelessly caught up with antique broaches, trimmed with swansdown to correspond with the remainder part of the dress. True elegance ordains the hair to waver in loose ringlets, from the middle of the forehead down the side of the face; a few loose bows at the top of the head; a gold net veil blended with the hair, fastened on one side so as to

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A magnificent dress of green velvet, superbly embroidered with gold; the right side of the dress composed of a large marking drapery, elegantly striped with gold spangles, and finished at bottom, with a massy border of a Mosaic pattern, intermixed with pine leaves, richly embroidered in dead and bright gold foil, bullion, &c. the contour of which was strikingly elegant; smaller draperies in shell work, with rich borders, completed this superb dress, which was particularly remarked for taste and effect—the whole finished with a massy border at bottom, of foil and bullion, and looped up with superb cord and tassels. Her Royal Highness wore a robe of green and gold velvet tissue sleeves, ornamented with tiaras of gold and green, and trimmed with point lace and gold fringe.

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Rich satin petticoat, most superbly embroidered with a very deep wreath of gold and purple hyacinths, the lower part in rich stripes to correspond; the draperies were formed of a most superbly embroidered crape, trimmed with magnificent suit of point lace, and tied up with a profusion of gold tassels and cord; the bottom of the petticoat finished with a broad gold fringe, placed on a purple velvet; a purple velvet robe to suit, richly trimmed with point and gold cuffs. Head-dress, a bandeau of purple velvet, with feathers and diamonds; the *tout ensemble* was a most happy mixture of simplicity and elegance.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESSES.

The most striking of the dresses, with the exception of the uniforms, were,

A purple velvet coat and small clothes; embroidered waistcoat.

A dark green coat with elegant cut-steel buttons: a satin waistcoat richly embroidered.

An elegant olive coat, richly embroidered; a richly embroidered satin waistcoat.

A brown cut velvet coat, nearly black, most brilliantly embroidered with silver and colours, and lined with white satin; waistcoat of white satin, embroidered like the coat.—This suit was distinguished for taste and elegance.

FASHIONS

FOR FEBRUARY, 1807.

Fig No. 2. An Evening Full Dress—Of rich Italian ermine sarsnet, worn over a soft white satin petticoat, let in with a gold net at the bottom, terminating at the extreme edge with a narrow fringe of gold; the back of the dress is cut low and square; the front of the vest is wore quite plain, so as to form the shape of the bosom; a gold net fastened in the center with a broach, confines one side of the breast, passing under the left arm, terminates at the corner of the right shoulder: soft white satin sleeves, carelessly caught up with antique broaches, trimmed with swansdown to correspond with the remainder part of the dress. True elegance ordains the hair to waver in loose ringlets, from the middle of the forehead down the side of the face; a few loose bows at the top of the head; a gold net veil blended with the hair, fastened on one side so as to

cover part of the hair, is worn with this dress. Two long irregular curls fall on the left shoulder. White kid gloves, black silk shoes, terminate the whole of the dress.

MORNING DRESS.—A Chinese robe made of India twill or French dimity; a square back with close wrap front, long corners cut with the back to form the shoulder, from whence it is suspended to the feet; trimmed round with a border of tambour or satin stitch of any fancy pattern.

ANOTHER MORNING DRESS.—The Roquelo dress is likewise considered fashionable, and is much admired; it is made with a loose back and biassed front, which, passing through a robin, confines the dress to the shape, and forms a sack; a low collar triangle cape, trimmed with *Paris plat*, to form a binding, completes the dress.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON LADIES DRESSES FOR FEBRUARY.

The most fashionable ball and evening dresses are those uniting elegance with simplicity. The favourite dresses are carmine coloured sarsnet or white satin gowns, made just to touch the ground; the waists, though cut very low in the back, are certainly lengthening gradually, and not inelegantly. At the same time we are happy to observe, that grace (never incompatible with delicacy), has also heightened them very much on the bosom, which is no longer exposed to the

"Rude gaze of each enquiring eye."

Strings of large white beads crossing the bosom loosely *à la Diane*, and fastened under the left arm, are amongst the most novel and graceful ornaments.

The sleeves are worn with very little fulness, and fastened up with small diamond or pearl broaches.—The frock waist seems the most favourite make; and the long train, which has till now been the terror of every wandering *Beau*, is in pity to them almost exploded. Those who still wear them, give a very graceful effect to them by robings made of the same materials as the gown, and which are confined by the bows of the sash behind, and reach to the ground; these are trimmed with very fine lace, and give all the lightness of the frock dress behind with more of grace and effect.

Gold and silver muslins are worn by the distinguished *Belles*. Mantles of black or white lace, thrown with careless elegance over the whole dress, and fastened on the left shoulder with large antique broaches, give great elegance to the figure, and are much worn. Diamonds are no longer, as formerly, confined to the embellishments of the *married Belle*: according to the present etiquette of the toilette, the fair nymph of sixteen now blazes in them as brightly as the sober matron of sixty did formerly, and they seem now to have usurped the place of pearls, and to be the prevailing and distinguishing ornaments of rank, youth, and beauty.

The hair in a style of the greatest simplicity, with or without bows, a few very light small curls on the forehead, or down the side of the face, boasts only the elegant ornament of a crescent-formed diamond comb, which fastens it behind, without any other decoration. It is equally elegant, and as generally worn, confined in silver or white bead nets, with a few curls drawn tastefully through it on the left side.

White satin is the most favourite, as it is the most elegant and appropriate dress for the present season. White beads are the only decorations allowed to mix with it, except diamonds or pearls. There is much less of hair now displayed than we have for some time past been accustomed to see; and that trusting to the graceful simplicity of nature, is dressed to imitate her plainest style, or bound in braided and plain bandeaus tight round the head, with only a few light curls on the forehead. White satin shoes are the most worn.

The newest and most prevailing fashion in morning dresses is a short gown, made of French dimity, worn up to the throat, trimmed with muslin *à la tire-bouchon*, and scolloped, not vandyked at the bottom. Plain India muslin dresses, also trimmed *à la tire-bouchon*, are much worn.

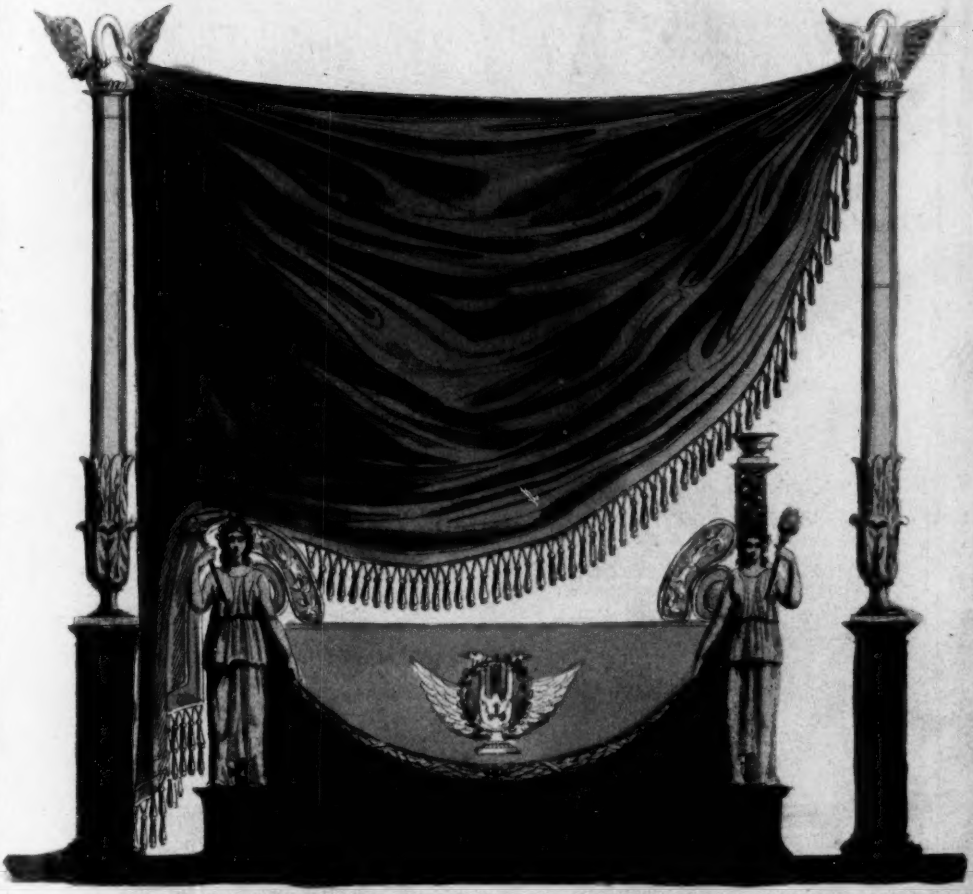
Fig. No. 1. AN EVENING FULL DRESS *for* Gentlemen is composed of a dark double-breasted blue coat, ornamented with basket or plain gilt metal buttons; the coat made lapelled, and with pocket flaps at the side, but the pockets put in the plaits behind.—A white quilting marseilles waistcoat, single-breasted; the collar to rise tolerably high, and a small portion of the waistcoat to be seen below the lapell of the coat.—Breeches, of white or drab kerseymere, inclining to fawn colour, with a silk string at the knee and four covered buttons; white silk stockings, and shoes with buckles.

MORNING DRESS.—A superfine cloth coat, single-breasted, cut off in a regular curve, so as to shew the thigh and the skirts; about an inch shorter than the evening coat; the colours are dark olive mixed, or dark green mixtures, with black velvet collars and plated buttons; no pocket flaps to the coat, and pockets in the plaits behind.—A stripe toilinette waistcoat, single-breasted; the ground most generally white, and contrasted by dark stripes, and the waistcoat bound with dark binding.—Pantaloons of darkish drabs, or inclining to the fawn colour, made of plain or milled ribbed ker-

EVENING FULL DRESSES.

Designed engraved & Coloured expressly for Le Beau Monde or Literary & Fashionable Magazine.
Published by J. B. Bell & Co. No. Catherine Street Strand. July 1st 1807.

Parisian Furniture



MADAME RICAMIER'S BED.

Designed engraved & Coloured expressly for Le Beau Monde or Literary & Fashionable Magazine
Published by J. B. Bell & Co. No. Catherine Street Strand Feb.y 1st 1807.

seymere, and without any ornamental trimming on them, and worn with hussar pantaloons; or breeches of much the same materials, and worn with brown top boots.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON GENTLEMEN'S DRESSES FOR FEBRUARY.

Great coats of superfine olive cloth, single-breasted, with collar of the same, and covered buttons; the collar to rise high in the neck behind, but to fall moderately low in front, the breast pocket on the outside is entirely exploded, but keeps the same situation, only that it is inside. Some gentlemen have the skirts lined with silk.—Black silk waistcoat and breeches, and indeed black suits retain a portion of fashion, and are considered a genteel dress, and in that respect have at all times been esteemed by many as being adapted to the season.—We observe that many gentlemen wear a lapelled coat in the morning, with the distinction only of a plated button, to point out that it is intended as a morning coat; but the most fashionable and decided dress, and which is worn by gentlemen who wish to shew a taste in varying their dress, is such as we have described.

PARISIAN FURNITURE.

Fig. No. 3. DESCRIPTION OF MADAME RECAMIER'S BED.—An antique mahogany bedstead, enriched with carved and gilt figure and ornaments, the drapery of lilac silk, decorated with silver laces and silk fringe, supported by carved and gilt columns, surmounted by swans, tastefully suspended; counterpane, bolsters, and pillows, of same colour silk, with silver devices.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON ENGLISH FURNITURE.

Rooms in pearl colour, shaded with dark and light lines, relieved with styles of a darker hue and gilt mouldings; pilastres painted in bronze, on a gold ground, are also introduced.

Architraves and mouldings may be gilt, or in bronze and light satin wood. Doors, dove satin wood, with black mouldings, or light satin wood, with black mouldings.

Paper to imitate cloth is also very fashionable, with gilt mouldings and palmitres.—Pilastres painted in bronze on a light ground, or arabesque devices in gold, on a light ground, are over doors, and glasses to suit.

Antique candelebras, rose-wood and gold pier tables, and the chimney pieces, are most adapted to receive lights, on which are introduced bronze and *or moulu* figures, &c. with branches to receive wax candles. The antique and Grecian lamps in bronze and *or moulu*, are also suspended in the centre of rooms or alcoves.

Window curtains of chintz, with Roman and antique draperies and silk fringes, &c. to correspond, are truly elegant.

Chairs and sofas still continue from drawings after the antique, in rose wood and gold, mahogany and gold, or black and gold.

SPORTING VARIETIES.

LORD DARLINGTON'S FOXHOUNDS.—They met on Tuesday, Jan. 2, on Clayton Common, and immediately found in a small gorse cover. The fox broke away for New Park-Spring, and, passing over the bottoms, ran in a direct line towards Wakefield, when being hard pressed by the gallant pack, he turned and nearly retraced his steps into the wood, at the entrance into which he was viewed by the hounds, and narrowly escaped by getting to ground in some rabbit burrows, when they were close to his brush. As there appeared little prospect of digging him with success, and the pack not *wanting blood*, he was there left to afford a future day's sport. This run, including two very sharp rings round the cover, (nearly knee deep for the horses) was one hour and fifty minutes of continual hard running; and, if the severity of the leaps in the Wakefield country are considered (being in general ox fences, and large drains) we need not be surprised at most of the field (a very large one in the *morning*) being *perfectly satisfied* with this *first* run, and at their retiring, to "*fight their battles o'er again*," and to drink *Fox hunting* in a cool bottle of claret at home. Lord Darlington, however, was not so easily satisfied, for, confiding in the *stoutness* of his famous York mare, and the superior mettle of his celebrated pack, he determined on drawing Howell Wood for a second fox, which was found at ten minutes past two, and after taking one ring round the cover, he went away over the common and the strong inclosures down to Hamsworth town, near Norwood, over Kirby Moor, up to Empsall Lodge, thence by Upton Beacon to Badsworth, over the Went River to Darlington Lees, by Carlton, nearly to Grove, and the hounds were stopped, when hard running at

nearly dark, on Pontefract race-ground. We need not be astonished at hearing that all the horses, with hardly one exception, were completely *done up* in this severe chase; and that *laurels* and *laudanum* were the order of the day. Amongst the hardest riders, and those who *stuck truest* to hounds throughout both chaces, we must notice Lord Darlington, Lord Barnard, Messrs. Gascoigne, Clough, Treacher, Hawke, and Grey, the whipper-in.

" A chosen few alone the sport enjoy'd."

Lord Derby's hounds had the severest run on Wednesday, Jan. 21, they have experienced this season.—The deer was turned out in Addington-street, near Croydon, Surrey; it took towards Sanderstead, but speedily headed back to Addington, through the Lodge, leaving Farley to the right, passed Chelsham, running hard towards Limpsfield, where most of the horsemen got thrown out, and, of course, the field became very thin; then taking to the left of Tunbridge, by Lingfield, over a very heavy and strong inclosed country, through East Grinstead, was at last taken above five miles below, near the Lewes road, after running one continual burst, without the smallest check for two hours and a quarter. Of a numerous field there were but the chosen few in it at the taking of the deer, one of whom was his Lordship; Messrs. Hobson, Minshall, Morten, and Jonathan, the whipper-in. The deer was one of the two presented to his Lordship by his Majesty.

Mr. Watt's and Sir M. Sykes's Fox-hounds.—These hounds have had one of the hardest and best days that the oldest sportsman remembers: they were met at Bishop Burton village by upwards of an hundred horsemen; from whence they proceeded to Mr. Watt's whin, where they found immediately; and after running a quarter of an hour in covert, the fox broke away, and afforded a most excellent run of an hour, when they ran into him in an open field; they then proceeded to Bygate Wood, and found in a small covert of Sir F. Legard's, adjoining from whence a fox went away upon hearing the first whip crack, and never turned his head round, or owned any covert, until he went to ground at Nunburnham Brat, which, in the line he took, was 16 miles from the place he was found, over the finest country in the world, being the greatest part turf, and hardly a fence the whole way. Till the first check, which was about seven miles, the hounds were never known to go faster; and during the whole of this extraordinary run, which tired all the horses, they never went less than three quarters speed. The day was the finest possible, and the brilliancy of the scene was highly heightened by several ladies in carriages, who seemed to enter as much into the joys of foxhunting, as the keenest sportsman.

A match for 50 guineas has been made between two gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Sleaford, to ride a steeple race for ten miles on some day in this month. Much interest has been excited, and large bets are depending upon the performance. The riders are not to go through any gateway, nor is either to take the same leap as the other.

Pugilistic Contest.—Tuesday, Jan. 6, in order to finish Christmas *genteelly*, a match at fisty-cuff took place at Wormwood Scrubs, about a mile from the White Horse public-house, opposite the four-mile stone on the Uxbridge Road. The combatants were Tom Toney, a costard-monger, well known among the fighting *gentlemen*, and a butcher, named Joseph Hall, who is called the *Young Chicken*. About one, these champions arrived at the above mentioned house; and about a quarter before two, a ring of large dimensions being formed on a hill, they *set to*, in presence of about 3000 spectators, among whom were some persons of fashion, and many amateurs; likewise Jackson, Harry Lee, Tom Tring, Perry, Cribb, Gulley, Belcher, Joe and Will Ward, with many others. At the first onset Toney was knocked down, but not by a blow that seemed to hurt him; after the minute allowed by Mr. Adston, the umpire, Toney rallied and threw his antagonist; the next round Hall hit his opponent a most severe blow in the short ribs, which brought him to the ground. They afterwards fought 24 rounds more, during which they seemed afraid of each other, till at length the persons present called out to them to finish the battle; on which Toney shewed more game, and the odds, which were at first against him, turned in his favour, and Hall dropped three times, seemingly without a blow, when Toney quitted the ring, declaring he had won, as neither party was to *drop*.—The umpire determined the bet, which was twenty guineas, a drawn one. Had Toney not quitted his ground, the money staked would have been his. The fight lasted three quarters of an hour, and neither of the parties seemed much the worse. Toney's left eye was *closed*, and Hall got a *claret mark* in the mouth and nose. The second to Toney was Tom Blake, to the Bristol Chicken, Belcher, jun. Tom Hall and Tom Jones, bottle-holders. Great chagrin was expressed by the knowing ones at the *unfortunate* decision of the day's *sport*.